JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 2, 1937

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# JOHN BULL

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P 371A

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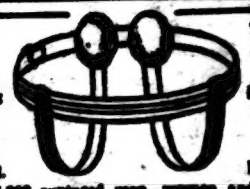

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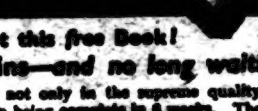

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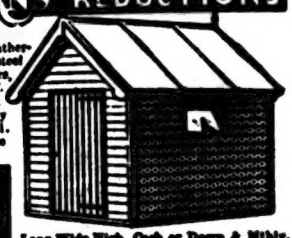

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ON SUNDAY

# LADDER of DEATH

THE storm was severe, and after it had abated Mr. G. Hopkins, of Upper Bath Road, Thornbury, Bristol, discovered that he would have to go up on the roof of his house to repair a broken tile.

To a handyman like Mr. Hopkins this has presented no difficulties and the repair was soon done to his satisfaction. He began to descend the ladder, but suddenly slipped, and unable to save himself, fell to the ground sustaining head injuries from which he died later.

### "JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

As Mr. Hopkins was a registered reader of "*John Bull*" a *cheque for £50*—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "*John Bull's*" *Great Free Family Insurance Gift*—has been promptly sent to his widow.

### EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to numerous other Accident Benefits, "*John Bull*" *is the only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

### £851: 19: 6 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no less than £851 19s. 6d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Household and Sickness Benefits .. .. .. | £293 | 19 | 6 |
| Accident Benefits—Adults | £159 | 0 | 0 |
| Children's Accidents .. | £399 | 0 | 0 |

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15 years of age). Use the Forms below to-day.

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**
**Hand this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 2/10/37

**Post this Form to**
"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 2/10/37

CUT HERE

## BANISH CONSTIPATION FOR GOOD.

### Accept this Free Offer!

ENSURE internal cleanliness by this safe, easy and effective way. Take "Innercleun" Herbal Laxative—Nature's cure at its best. Do it now will save much trouble later on, and you can try and test it absolutely FREE! All you need do is to clip out the coupon on p. 18, write name and full postal address, attach 1½d. in stamps to cover postage, and post to Messrs. Brooke and Warburton, Ltd., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. A Free Packet of "Innercleun" will come by return. Send the coupon NOW! Turn to p. 18.

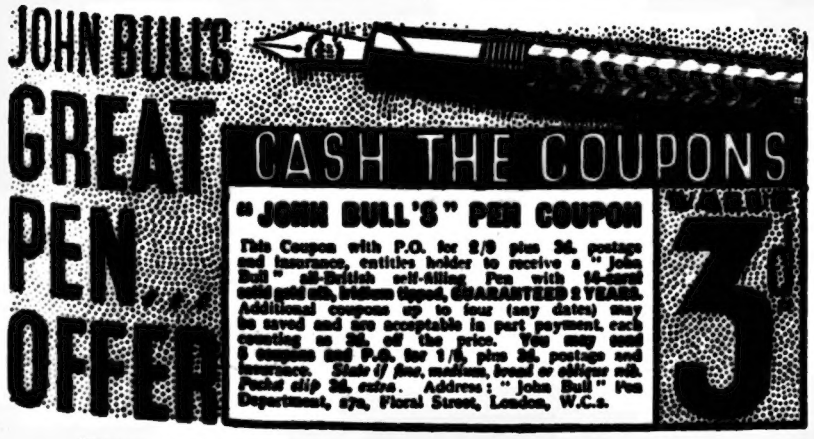
## *Free Gifts for Everybody!*

### Send at once for this

## FREE GIFT BOOKLET

IN every packet of Bournville Cocoa is included a free gift coupon, one towards your collection which can be exchanged for useful free gifts. Over 200 wonderful gifts can be obtained. These are illustrated in the NEW 44-page Book of Gifts which every JOHN BULL reader can get FREE. Fill in the coupon in BOURNVILLE Cocoa announcement on page 39. It will bring, by return, a copy of the free gift book, also one gift Coupon to start your collection. Post coupon in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.)

## JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER



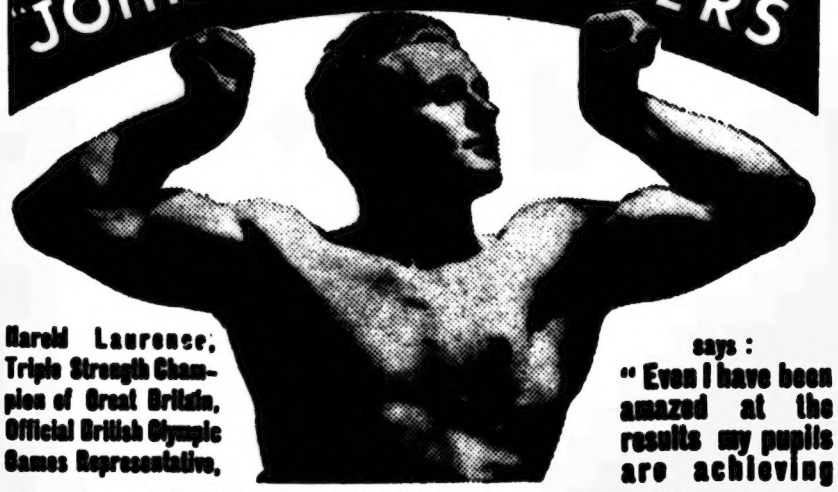
### CASH THE COUPONS

**"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON**

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/3, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 270, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

## World's Record in Body Building
## SPLENDID OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS



**Harold Laurance, Triple Strength Champion of Great Britain, Official British Olympic Games Representative, says :**

**"Even I have been amazed at the results my pupils are achieving**

## WHY ENVY A BODY LIKE MINE? I WILL TRAIN YOU FREE FOR THREE MONTHS TO MAKE A SUPERMAN OF YOU

IN all the long history of Scientific Physical Culture no Instructor has ever approached the astounding success that HAROLD LAURANCE is now attaining with his great body-building discovery—THE LAURANCE STAMINATOR.

The records of the past have been left far behind! Old systems and worn-out methods have been swept into oblivion by the stupendous tale of SUCCESS that now pours daily from Harold Laurance's London office.

The LAURANCE STAMINATOR is now proved to be, beyond all doubt, the greatest body-building appliance the world has ever seen.

Men who a short time ago were thin, under-sized weaklings; men who had tried everything without success; men who had almost lost faith in physical culture, are now building SOLID BODY-WEIGHT, REAL MUSCULAR BULK AND IMMENSE, COMMANDING PHYSICAL POWER.

with the LAURANCE STAMINATOR. Many — after 28 days only!—have reported 14 lbs. increase in body-weight; 4½ ins. increase in chest measurement; 2 ins. and even more increase in arms measurement; 2½ ins. increase on leg measurements. Such results have never before been known. I am training these men FREE and giving each one the same careful, individual attention that a pupil paying £2 - 2 - 0 would receive. My success encourages me to extend my offer."

All you have to do is purchase a LAURANCE STAMINATOR—which costs shillings only and may be obtained by the easiest possible instalments. I will guarantee to give you the same careful, individual and personal attention as though you had paid £2 - 2 - 0 for your course. I WILL MAKE YOU A SUPERMAN.

***Read these breath-taking testimonials—the physical culture world has never seen their like before! All have been examined and certified by the Editor of "Health & Strength."***

**PUPIL J. M. (Bognor)**

After 28 days only gains include 6 lbs. in body-weight, 2 in. on thighs and 1½ in. on chest. Well satisfied with first month of FREE training.

**PUPIL G. T. (Laindon)**

Increased so far as follows: Weight 12 lbs., Chest 3½ in., Biceps 2 in., Forearms 1 in., Thigh 2½ in., Calf 1 in. Have tried numerous systems before without success.

**PUPIL H. G. (Cromer)**

During the last month of free personal instruction gained further 8 lbs. in weight and 2½ in. on chest. Have increased my body-weight in all by more than 28 lbs. and reached 46 in. chest, 16 in. upper arms, etc.

**PUPIL W. H. (E.14)**

Your course so far is terrific. Gained in weight, chest, etc. Last week-end hiked 35 miles in under 8 hours. General feeling of fitness is wonderful.

**The LAURANCE STAMINATOR is the World's Greatest Body Building Appliance, and has just created the most Amazing Physical Culture Record ever known. 20 pupils taking the FREE Personal Instruction Course added 200 inches of muscle measurement in the first 28 days! ! !**

## POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY. IT IS WORTH £2-2-0 TO YOU

***Detach, Fill and Post***

To HAROLD LAURANCE (Principal), Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina, Ltd., Lutgate House, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of the Laurance Stamina and of the Free £2.2.0 Course of Training and your book "Supermanity."

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

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..... J.B., 2/10/37

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PJ. 164

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR


# HARVEST of DESPAIR

**WHILE church congregations are giving thanks at harvest festivals, we hope they will spare a thought for the men and women who help to gather the fruits of the earth. For the plight of the seasonal** workers—**those who find a few week's employment in the fields at this time of the year**—is almost **beyond belief.**

Only a **few pictures of this nation-wide** scene of misery **should convince the most complacent churchgoer that "Harvest Home" is** not such a **happy rite as some parsons are apt** to suggest.

At the **Yorkshire town of Snaith, nearly** a hundred **men are living in filthy and appalling conditions—a hundred men with no** homes, no **jobs and no money, sleeping on** straw under **the arches of a bridge which is** no real shelter **from wind and rain.**

**LOCAL people call this colony of the forsaken "Yorkshire's Summer Camp for Tramps."** But not **one of the men is a tramp in the** accepted sense of the word. **Not one lives "on** the countryside" **because he likes the life.**

They are **men of all ages and all professions** who once **held jobs which they had lost** through no **fault of their own. There is a** bank clerk, a **roadmender, a riveter from** Jarrow, a **lorry-driver, a coal miner—such are** a few of **the diverse occupations they were** once proud **to own.**

Now they **earn a few shillings by picking** turnips, **getting to the fields by cadging lorry** rides, **eating bad food and living among filth** and dampness **that would horrify any inspector of health.**

Go **northward for the next picture—to** Uddington, **in Lanarkshire. For two years** there Mr. and **Mrs. Craw and their four** children **have been living in a cowshed.**

The **shed has been leased to them by a** farmer, **free of charge, in return for harvest** work. **There are no sanitary arrangements.** Cows sleep **a couple of yards away, and a great** load of hay **is stored in a loft above their** heads. **Even the water they drink is carried** from a **cattle trough.**

**IN practically every district where men and women—yes, and children, too—are im**ported similar **scandals exist.**

Many **big farms, it is true, provide barns** and galvanised **iron sheds for the potato- or** berry-pickers.

But the **workers discover that, unless they** buy their **food at the farm canteen their** labour is **no longer required.**

Stables **are converted into dormitories. A** few straw-filled **mattresses, perhaps infected** with vermin, **are thrown on the ground. In a** stall normally **occupied by one horse nine or** ten people **have to sleep.**

The **peril of fire is always present in these** hovels. **Imagine a woman, awakened in the** early hours **by the cold and damp, trying to** light a candle and letting the flaring match fall from her shivering fingers. Imagine how the straw and wood could furnish ready tinder, how the place might become an inferno before the sleepers could be shaken to their senses!

**On one Perthshire farm even pigsties are made to serve as temporary "homes" for poor wretches who were deluded by tales of enjoying a splendid holiday and earning money at the same time.**

Men who hope to escape from the tyranny of the Means Test by gathering corn, digging potatoes or picking soft fruit find that they would have done better to have remained in their home towns.

The wages are as low as the housing facilities are infamous. It is nothing unusual for payment to work out at threepence or fourpence an hour; ninepence is considered a magnanimous rate.

For the Scottish berry-picking season parents bring their children to help swell their meagre earnings. Infants of four and five are forced to slave among the wet bushes and mud.

*In many cases the conditions of work are rivalled only by the conditions under which they are expected to live*

At night, when the so-called dormitories —be they attics, barns or cowsheds—are reeking in damp from soddened shoes and clothing, these children often cry themselves to sleep from hunger, cold and fatigue.

It is easy to realise that even the healthiest of adults may lay the foundations of future disease in such incredibly disgraceful conditions.

Nor it is difficult to sympathise with the Irish spokesmen who, since the Kirkintilloch disaster in which ten young potato-pickers were burnt to death, have openly declared that only extreme poverty induces their compatriots to cross to Britain for seasonal farm work. They are demanding that, unless conditions are improved, young Irish people should not be allowed to undertake such work in future.

Sir Kingsley Wood, our Minister of Health, has made a special tour of the Kent hopfields to discuss measures for ending the horrors which have so long been tolerated there.

He has been told of tents pitched on the bare ground; of the rheumatism which has resulted. Of ill-ventilated, insanitary huts, close to stagnant streams and rubbish dumps, which have spread disease among generations of pickers. Of lodgings with broken skylights and defective roofs.

**HE is urging local councils to adopt the model by-laws which he has carefully prepared. But something more drastic is imperatively needed than rules which councils may or may not choose to adopt.**

We want the whole scandal of the seasonal workers' lot in England and Scotland reviewed by Parliament.

And we want it ended by a law which none may disregard.

## Straight from the Shoulder

# Slum Plan Falls to Bits

### *Prime Minister Puts the Devil to Shame*
### *"Not Open on Sunday" Panel Doctors*
### *Wholesale Waste of Food*

IN ten months' time Britain will be a land without slums. Or, rather, it would be if Government promises were stronger than piecrust.

There is a bad reason why you hear nothing nowadays of the plans which were introduced with so loud a blaring of trumpets and loudspeakers.

Though the five-year slum clearance scheme is nearing its completion date, not one-half of it has yet been carried out.

As for the glorious campaign to end overcrowding, its aims are not likely to be accomplished in a generation—unless we change our Government.

### Hopeless Wait

Out of 375,000 rotten houses scheduled for demolition, only 156,000 had been demolished up to June of this year. Of the 1,700,000 people who were to have new houses built for them, rather less than 700,000 of them have been lucky.

More than a million persons are still waiting, without much hope, for removal from the festering slums which stretch across Britain.

Nearly a quarter of a million new houses must be built within a few months if our rulers are to avoid confessing that the five-year plan has come to grief.

### Divided Families

Very few local authorities have even attempted to put the anti-overcrowding scheme into the category of practical politics.

Some are doing nothing at all. Some are merely ordering an abatement of overcrowding—without telling the victims where they can obtain the accommodation they require, or offering council houses to large families on condition that the parents order their elder children to leave home!

### Sorry Failure

You can expect that all the blame will be laid on local authorities. And many of them deserve as many kicks as they get.

Though London's Labour rulers, for example, are tackling the job with a determined alacrity against which no criticism can be levelled.

But we shall insist that Whitehall must explain why it has refrained from making the laggards carry out their responsibilities, and why it has lost all interest in social reforms since the Great Arms Drive began. It will want a lot of explaining.

### Off-Duty Doctors

Of all snobs we know, those we'd like to kick most are the doctors who look down their noses at panel patients.

An Edinburgh reader went to his doctor on Sunday with two broken fingers. "Don't see panel patients on Sunday," said the doctor, shutting the door.

We'd like to see him in Hades.

### Sometimes, Never Plan

More responsible panel doctors are dubious about Sir Kingsley Wood's scheme for giving them refresher courses so that their knowledge can be kept up to date.

The Medical Practitioners' Union points out that, with 20,000 panel doctors in the country, lack of hospital provision will mean that thirty or forty years must elapse before they can all go through the course!

Did Sir Kingsley think of that?

### Red Herring?

That wicked business the deliberate waste of good food still shames officialdom.

Two hundred baskets of herring have been dumped back into a Scottish loch; the glut is so great and prices so low that Clyde fishermen are laying up their boats.

Does the Herring Board intend to do anything about it? Or was it set up to drag a red herring across the path to efficient organisation and distribution?

### Nature Too Generous

Then think of the orchard owners who are cutting down fruit-laden trees in the hope that, by reducing output, prices will be higher next year. Plum growers are glad to get a halfpenny a pound for their produce; crops are unwanted.

One day, we hope, our poorer families will be allowed to benefit by Nature's generosity. But it's a slender hope.

### Devil in Downing Street

Though we often hit out at the Prime Minister, we should not describe him as worse than Old Nick. But the Rev. T. M. Johnstone would rather see the Devil in Downing Street than Neville.

*Neville Shames the Devil*

Because (as he goes on to explain) Neville's reduction of the beer tax has increased drunkenness.

Prudently, our temperance fanatics never mention pre-war drunkenness. Then the annual convictions were more than four times as numerous as they are to-day.

So if Neville is worse than the Devil, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour must have been too fiendish for human imagination to comprehend.

### Spending a Surplus—

You would think that matters connected with celebrations so universal as the Coronation would at least make official bodies human and thoughtful. But no.

The final report of the Biggleswade (Beds) Coronation Committee has just been issued.

It reveals that there was a surplus of £16 5s. 7d. in the fund.

When discussion arose as to its disposal, a woman on the committee suggested the money be given to the babies of the town.

### —Babies Barred

Mr. W. S Green replied: "Now that the Coronation is over, I cannot see that such gifts would be appreciated."

And the money was then spent as follows: Three guineas for a memento to be given to the chairman, and the rest as an "honorarium" to the secretary.

What do you think of that for barefaced effrontery?

### Forced "Slimming"

Hundreds of postmen's wives, owing to the miserly and inadequate rates of pay received by their husbands, are going hungry.

"Many are the times when my wife has no dinner, with the excuse, 'I can't eat on washing days,'" says one postal worker.

### No Excuse

"I know different," he adds. "I've tested my wife by leaving half my dinner, only to discover that she had eaten my leavings.

"Every day I have to think of excuses so that she will not deprive herself of food."

There's no excuse for conditions like that to exist in Government departments. Yet it is being duplicated all over the country.

### This is Justice

We are glad Mr. B. Campion, K.C., magistrate at Greenwich police court, rebuked a police constable for entering inadmissible evidence in a case against a man.

The constable was saying: "Knowing him to be a convicted suspected person . . ." when the magistrate stopped him and dismissed the case.

And rightly so. Even a man with a record has a right to a fair and unprejudiced hearing.

### Something Done

While Mr. Ernest Brown is talking about solving the domestic servant shortage, New Zealand has done something. A scheme drawn up by the Labour Party provides for State training centres, certificates at end of course, wages and hours to be fixed by Government. Women not able to pay award rate of wages are to be helped by a State fund.

Norway has gone further. A law has already been passed regulating hours. If a maid works a minute beyond those hours she must be paid overtime.

That's the sort of practical solution we want to see here.

### Shameful Screen Stunt

The search for a new thrill for cinema audiences has just inspired the worst stunt ever perpetrated.

An American arranged for his own two-year-old baby to be picked up by a golden eagle and carried in its talons 150 ft. up to its mountain eyrie.

He got good pictures, all right. But we say that a father who risks his baby's life in such a terrifying ordeal is a monster.

The public don't want thrills at that price.

### Model for Dictators?

Strange to find the Very Rev. W. R. Inge (the "Gloomy Dean") holding up Julius Cæsar as the pattern of modern dictators.

*Dean Inge: Lapse of memory*

For dashing Julius massacred a million men and exiled a million more. His troops used to sing songs warning the citizens of captured towns to keep their women folk indoors, so roaming was his eye.

Even Adolf and Musso, fortunately, are no match for Julius. And Dr. Inge, as a pillar of the Church, should know better than to put ideas into their heads.

### Blind-Alley Boys

Those 13,000 youths now on strike in the Lancashire engineering industry are working in blind-alley jobs for apprentices' wages, according to shop stewards.

Such a scandal certainly exists in many parts of the country and in many trades, as we told you months ago.

Apprenticeship is in fact becoming a racket to enrich a class of employers who have no scruples in throwing young sinew and young brains on the scrap-heap before reaching manhood.

Adults can look after themselves. Young workers need protection. And they should get it.

### Another Record

What are you going to do about the record distribution of 25,000 prizes announced this week to mark the 25th Birthday of *Bullets*?

Are you going to stand aside and let some other reader walk off with £25 monthly for life, £1,000 Cash, Car, Television Set and Celebration Week? Or are you going to turn to pages 46 and 47 and start on your *Bullets* of two, three or four words?

That 5-in-1 First is worth having—and there are unlimited Birthday Gifts as well.

### Splendid Betrayal

Mr. Eden may have "betrayed" the Isolationists' cause, but he is keeping faith with those of us who want to see the economic causes of war removed.

*Mr. Eden: No traitor*

His offer to reduce tariffs in the Colonies is an admirable answer to Germany's demand for the return of her former overseas possessions.

If we continue to debar foreigners from trading with a fifth of the world's surface we must expect this provocation to lead to a holocaust of trouble.

### Joy Rides

There's still far too much joy-riding in "borrowed" cars, and still it's too leniently punished.

Three Warwickshire policemen took a car without the owner's consent. The following night two of them took it again and, when it failed to start, did malicious damage to the extent of £8 10s.

One has been bound over, the other two blacksheep in blue have been fined £24 16s. each. To encourage others!

### No Lino—by Order

We had to swallow hard when we read that St. Ives Council (Hunts) wants to eject a tenant because he has broken an agreement. In other words, he has actually laid down lino on the ground floor of his house!

However, we can breathe again. We understand that the council's tenants are allowed to hang pictures on the walls and even to smoke after giving due notice to the fire brigade.

### Up-to-Date Filey

We are glad to hear that Filey now has a modern motor fire-engine, replacing the ancient one drawn by a grey cart horse, to which we referred in a recent article.

We shall be still more pleased when all the towns which own antiquated fire-fighting appliances—or none—follow Filey's example.

### Knock-Outs

Professor Carr-Saunders says we must raise the size of family if we are to keep our civilisation. But we must raise the standards of civilisation if we are to keep our families.

Few people know how to use their leisure, says a director of Borstal Association. Many might learn better if given more time to "experiment."

We flatly refuse to believe the committee which says that farm workers are better off here than in any other country. First-hand experience would convince it of more banes than blessings.

## Nurse Exposes

# HOSPITAL *Tyrannies*

I CALLED on a former patient the other day at the West End store where, a girl of twenty-three, she is employed as a saleswoman.

She is a girl inclined to grumbling about her job. Within ten minutes I found myself wondering what she would have thought of mine.

I am not referring to her wages, which must be three or four times mine; her hours of work, forty-eight a week against my sixty-two; the glorious freedom she gets every night.

The public has heard a lot of this aspect of nursing of late. As a result, a tide of opinion has been set rolling which will not subside until we hospital workers have a proper charter, the undisputed right to organise in a trade union.

No, I had eyes and ears for other things.

I noticed that her buyer, my friend's immediate superior, fidgeted about as if anxious to be introduced to me. We met. We were both treated by her as if we were her closest friends.

It made me think of the hospital Sister who was *my* immediate superior, stern, brisk, curt, unbending, unyielding. More anxious to punish than the worst schoolmaster could be, and in all that no different from thousands of other hospital Sisters.

I met the staff controller in that store, the equivalent, I suppose, of my Matron. She called me "dear." *After years of the tyrannical discipline of hospital life that word almost brought tears to my eyes.*

✦✦✦✦

She might have been my friend's mother as she made enquiries about this girl's operation. The operation had been for gall-bladder removal, which calls for months of special attention to diet.

"The food would have beaten them in the staff dining-room," she said, "so we are letting her go to the restaurant the public uses."

I thought of my Matron, so awful a disciplinarian that I have never been able to face her without deep-rooted fear.

Then I thought of that special food. That made me think.

Next I remembered the soggy meals that had been whisked away under my nose when I felt almost starving—all because a little extra attention to my patients had made me a minute or so late.

("Rules are rules, Nurse, and admit of no excuses. The sooner you realise that the better.")

And I remembered when *I* asked for special food feeling on the very verge of collapse after working the clock round.

("You will eat what you are given or go without. And if I have any more of this malingering—")

I am remembering those and a thousand hardships like them when I say that the time has come when all these tyrannies should be swept away, together with all those worse-than-military High Priestesses who perpetuate them unless they are still sufficiently malleable to be formed into something more human.

That is the trouble, as I think you will judge for yourself from my description of hospital life as I have seen it.

The Matrons and Sisters who rule our lives are "old school"—"old school tie" if you like. They are crusted Colonel and Sergeant-Major rolled into one.

"I suffered when I was a probationer," they tell the little girls who come to us straight from good homes, quite willing to work as they have never worked in their lives before. "You will have to suffer, too."

And so, because we are supposed to remember Florence Nightingale, something like 120,000 nurses have to put up with a Prussianism you will find nowhere else in life, not even in the Army.

"You will have to suffer, too."

And how they make us suffer!

When I was a girl in my early 'teens, dreaming of the day when my ambitions would be realised and I would be a full-blown nurse, I had just about the same amount of liberty as the average girl gets to-day.

I could do what I liked with my own little bedroom. I could meet boy friends, so long as they were boy friends whom mother and father met, and of whom they approved.

I could go to late dances, if I didn't ask too often. Apart from respecting old age and not speaking out of turn in the presence of superiors I was not expected to be subservient. I certainly knew nothing of parade-ground methods.

Then one day I became a probationer nurse. It sounds easier than it is.

My mother and father had to do quite a lot of raking round to find the thirty odd pounds that was necessary. They reminded me that I couldn't hope to earn an economic wage until I was about twenty-five—and then my salary would be about £60 or £70 a year.

I started on a little over ten shillings a week. I don't want to dwell on the work I did for it.

Washerwoman and charwoman all in one—for ten shillings a week. But I am going to indulge in no condemnation on that account because this was what I expected.

To me it seemed that the hard work was to keep out of the profession girls who merely wanted an easy life, and who would therefore be worse than useless in a hospital.

The rigid discipline, I felt, was another necessary stage: it would disappear as soon as I had proved myself; certainly by when I had certificated....

And now that I have certificated, look at me now.

*I have worked as many as thirty consecutive nights without a break. Those two nights off allowed every month? They were cancelled without more than an hour's notice.*

And let us look at these nights off. I have to be in at 10 p.m. Lights have to be out by 10.30.

That means that most of the decent girls I know can't remain friends for long with a decent boy, who, if he is ambitious, may be working until eight at night.

The best hope of happiness is usually to find some old roué with a car who is prepared to drive you home from a neighbouring dance at 9.45 p.m.

And there is no privacy, not a single tittle of liberty, in our hospital life.

✦✦✦✦

At any moment of the night or day the Sister can silently glide into my bedroom without the courtesy of a knock. Why should she knock? She is out to catch me unawares in the act of smoking or some other punishable offence, for which purpose she is armed with a master-key.

Try living your life without a moment of privacy, and see what it means.

One birthday my mother sent me an ebony and silver dressing-table set, which I laid out proudly in my bedroom.

Within twenty-four hours the tray and the pin-box had disappeared. The reason was that the number of my possessions laid out in the room exceeded ten, and the result was that the Sister had commandeered the two over.

There is some such rule in almost every hospital in the country. Some will not allow more than eight possessions to be laid out; one, at least, draws the line at seven.

I have had a flower vase seized because we are only supposed to have one such article. I have had blooms taken from my one vase because I was making too big a show.

*On two occasions my bedroom slippers have been confiscated because, sliding them under the bed when I have been almost at breaking point, I have so broken a hospital rule.*

On the second occasion I lost my night off for offending a second time. A fortnight later I lost another night off because the Sister had looked among my private possessions and found a book which she thought no nurse should read.

It was Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival." I ask anybody to tell me why a nurse shouldn't be allowed to read that book.

I don't mind standing whenever the Matron enters a room. I don't mind that part of the discipline which says I must always rush to open a door for the Matron or a Sister.

*There is a rising tide of opinion which will not subside until hospital workers have the right to organise in a trade union*
*(A film study)*

✦✦✦✦

But I hate to be told, as I was, that I had no right to have a tooth extracted during my off-duty hours, and that I should have waited until my holidays, when bleeding gums would not have handicapped me in my ward duties.

I hate it as I hate that so-rigid application of the "no men" rule that my father could never be allowed to see my bedroom and has, indeed, experienced real difficulty in getting to see me when he has called to take me out.

Imagine the frenzy of the hours between 6 a.m., when I must wake the ward if I am on night duty, and 7.15 a.m., when I must hand them over to the day nurse.

Then there is the annoying habit of arranging classes for round about 9 or 10 a.m., even if you finished eleven hours night duty a few hours before.

I have lost nights off—for what they are worth—for not looking sufficiently alert at the lectures after such a night ordeal, only to be punished again because my written reports on such lectures—written in my own precious time off—have not been up to standard.

We are told that it is good enough for any woman to be following in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale.

That is nonsense. We are not all Florence Nightingales, although all our instincts may be to devote our lives to nursing the sick and injured. And nursing is going to have no use for our services at thirty-five, ten years after we begin to earn little more than a pound a week.

Let us at least be treated as human beings while our short careers last.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# Three Martyrs who Shame The Nation

*The Hanks family is in utter destitution—produced by the heroism of the father*

SINCE the beginning of this year I have observed with pain a steady increase in the number of letters which come to me from or on behalf of disabled and distressed ex-sailors and soldiers who are still denied adequate pensions—in many cases they have none—in respect of incapacity caused to them while on service.

Because of the death-rate among the veterans of the Great War, the Government is now saving many millions of pounds yearly on pensions expenditure. In such circumstances, it would have been thought, the opportunity would be taken to display more generous interest in the stricken men and their dependants who survive.

* * *

Unhappily, it is the other way about. Pensions and allowances are being scaled down in an inordinate number of cases, and men who have been bereft of any assistance for years are still without adequate consideration of their claims.

For some time I have been hoping that the authorities would see their way to exercise some compassion in one particular case which, unfortunately, seems to be a common example of what is happening.

The instance I refer to is that of Mr. Charles Groves, of Castle Avenue, Dover, who enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers thirty years ago at the age of eighteen and who was severely wounded in the head during the Dardanelles campaign. Three of his brothers were killed in the war.

But it is too late now for anything to be done. I learned a few days ago that Groves had died in a poor law institution at Dover as the result of an epileptic fit due to the gunshot wound in his head.

This poor fellow had always been ill and a victim of these seizures since he was discharged from the Army in consequence of his wound, which necessitated the removal of a large portion of his skull.

At first, Groves was awarded the full disability pension. But gradually it was whittled down until, at the time of his death, he was receiving only 8s. 8d. a week, plus an allowance of 2s. for his wife.

Yet, while the pension was being reduced, his condition was steadily becoming worse—*and this fact had been made known by the doctors who were attending him.*

Always, however, the pensions authorities refused to give any other consideration to this pathetic case except in the direction of finding reasons to give the man less.

Now examine the facts of what must be one of the most tragic and amazing blunders in connection with military service that I have ever had to record.

In Strathnairn Street, Cardiff, lives a man of seventy-three—Mr. W. H. Vaughan—who has to exist with his wife on nothing more than an old-age pension. He is so hopelessly crippled that, with two sticks, he can only move at the pace of a baby learning to walk.

Forty-five years ago this old man, who was then a member of the old Volunteer Force, had his thigh and foot broken in a factory accident, and he had to endure years of agony in a Cardiff hospital.

Gradually recovering some of his former health, Vaughan continued his association with the Territorial Army and found himself summoned for service when the Great War began. As he was then over fifty years of age, he was posted for duty to the Inland Defence Corps.

Vaughan is most definite that when he was mobilised he did not undergo any proper medical examination. The evidence would seem to support this statement, for it is inconceivable that a man of his age and in his condition—with a severely attenuated thigh and cavities in his foot and instep—would have been allowed to don uniform if the ordinary tests had been applied.

* * *

For nearly four years he was kept on home defence service, and during that time he had many rigorous experiences. In the end he collapsed and was discharged with a lump payment of £32.

A few weeks later he had to enter Cardiff Infirmary, where the specialists were incredulous that he had ever been allowed to undertake any kind of military duties.

The doctors' verdict was that his condition, produced by the hardships and strain of service, was incurable, and that he was entitled to a total disability pension because he would be completely unfit for even the lightest kind of work during the rest of his life.

But the Ministry of Pensions refused to accept this medical pronouncement. It contended that its liability had ceased with the payment of the £32 to Vaughan on his discharge from the Army!

To make matters worse, the man found himself deprived also of unemployment benefit, because his war service had rendered him wholly unfit for work.

Every appeal on behalf of this derelict old man has failed so far to soften the hearts of the authorities.

In a somewhat different category comes the case of Mr. Thomas Hanks, of Borwick Avenue, Walthamstow, E., who has been returned to his home this week unimproved in health after a long period of treatment in Whipps Cross Hospital—one of many institutions in which he has been treated.

For twenty years ex-Leading Seaman Hanks had a splendid record in the Royal Navy (he especially distinguished himself in the Jutland Battle), and at the time of his discharge he was a gunnery instructor and range-finder.

In the last year of his long and meritorious service Hanks was invalided out of the Navy with no more than the ordinary service pension of about 15s. a week to maintain himself, his wife and four children.

His health is so broken that from the day of his discharge he has been unable to perform any kind of work.

This condition is due to a head injury sustained while he was serving at the naval gunnery school at Whale Island, Portsmouth, where he dived into the sea and saved a three-year-old child from drowning.

* * *

His gallantry was mentioned in Admiralty orders and, from the hands of General Sir W. T. Adair, he was presented with the bravery parchment of the Royal Humane Society.

But the Admiralty could take no cognisance of the effects of the head injury inflicted during the rescue.

The doctors in charge of Hanks' case declare that if his life is to be prolonged he must be sent to live in the quietude of the country.

How impossible this is may be judged from the fact that the income of his family is so small that he cannot even be provided with essential nourishment, that his wife—who goes foodless for days so that the four children will not be hungry—has had to pawn almost everything in the home to help the stricken husband; and that now there are not even blankets for the beds!

I commend this extremely sad case of the price of heroism to the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust in the first instance.

But it is one which the Admiralty itself should reopen with a view to finding if the pensions machinery cannot be more flexibly adapted for the relief of such dire suffering and privation

# GRIM REVENGE OF CIVIC DIGNITY

THE Corporation of Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, has just made itself look ludicrous.

Now—and this is the only reason why JOHN BULL calls attention to the civic comicality—it has turned vindictive against one of its humblest citizens who happened to be the instrument by which the proud corporation made a foolish public exhibition of itself.

* * *

Not long ago the Mayor of Wednesbury conceived it to be an obligation of his high office to perform a ceremony at the opening of a new private shop in the town's market place.

Next day a municipal inspector was in the market place when he observed a notice hung on the side of a stall bearing the words:—

*No horses allowed on this side to-day. We are expecting the Mare.*

The stupid notice happened to be on a stall belonging to a general dealer named Mr. Harry Odom. But he did not put it there, and he had no idea it was there until it was taken down and shown to him. It became quite clear later that the notice had been prepared by a few jokers in the market.

But the consequences became serious for Mr. Odom, although it must be pointed out that the Mayor of Wednesbury was not in any way responsible for them.

There was great commotion at the town hall when the inspector took the notice there. Meetings were hurriedly called, and it was decided that something drastic must be done to vindicate official dignity.

*Judge H. L. Tebbs*

Mr. Odom was singled out. He was told that he would be debarred from future use of a stall in the market place.

This was a grave decision for him. He had ordered a month's stock of goods which was depreciating.

But he accepted the challenge of the corporation of Wednesbury by issuing a summons against it in the county court. He won the day.

Damages and costs were awarded against the corporation by His Honour Judge H. L. Tebbs, who said he could not understand why anybody should have been offended by the silly placard that had been posted in the market place.

The corporation did not accept defeat with good grace.

It asked for leave to appeal, and indicated its determination to go, if allowed, to the House of Lords with the case, even although its quest for legal vengeance might cost the ratepayers thousands of pounds.

But the county court judge promptly refused to satisfy the civic thirst for costly legal revenge against a poor street trader. He declined tersely to grant leave to appeal.

* * *

After these rebuffs, it might be thought that the corporation would have been only too eager to allow the incident to pass into the limbo of forgotten things. Not so.

Although Mr. Odom was clearly innocent of any part in the feeble joke against the mayor, the corporation is determined that he will be punished until he apologises to it.

Not until he does so—and he rightly refuses—is he to be allowed to carry on his humble business and find a livelihood in the market place of Wednesbury!

*The complacency of the Minister of Labour (seen here chatting with some unemployed men) is notorious. It ought to be well shaken by these events*

# LUNACY IN THE LABOUR EXCHANGES

MR. ERNEST BROWN, the Minister of Labour, is fond of proclaiming the efficiency of his Department and, in particular, the generous sympathy which it is supposed to be ready to extend to the unemployed notwithstanding the rigidity of the regulations governing the claiming and receiving of unemployment benefit.

Facts and evidence which reach JOHN BULL every week, however, far from justify the Minister's placidity and his use of rose-tinted spectacles in surveying his administration.

How, for instance, can Mr. Brown possibly condone or find satisfaction in what has just happened to Mr. Charles Coles, of Moat Street, Brixton, S.W., who has recently become workless?

* * *

To facilitate the payment of unemployment benefit at the employment exchanges and to prevent claimants having to wait in queues, the Ministry of Labour has introduced a system by which recipients of benefit must present themselves at fixed times at the counter to draw the insurance money to which they are entitled.

The other afternoon Mr. Coles arrived at the employment exchange where he is registered at the exact time appointed for him to receive the sum of 38s. due to himself, his wife and four children.

To his amazement he was informed that the payment had already been made to him and signed for.

The receipt was shown to him—but the signature was not his.

Some cheat had forestalled him.

When these facts became clear Mr. Coles expected, of course, that he would receive his benefit without further delay.

Nothing of the kind.

He was blandly told that in no circumstances whatever could a payment be made twice, even although no fault or responsibility rested on the innocent party!

"What are my wife and children to do?" he asked.

The only advice tendered to him was to throw himself on the mercy of the public assistance funds—from which, eventually, he received no more than a food ticket to the value of 15s. for his family—without anything to help to pay rent and other domestic necessities.

This was a monstrous injustice.

Beyond all doubt the Ministry of Labour was entirely culpable and should have made amends because the money had been paid out before the allotted time and no precautions had been taken to establish the identity of the recipient.

* * *

Mr. Brown's complacency ought to be shaken both by the apparent ease with which employment exchanges are thus open to plunder by frauds and forgers and by the heartless manner in which an unemployed victim is dealt with.

If this case does not convince the Minister of Labour that there is crass stupidity and lack of the barest sympathy in his Department, let us present him with another egregious one.

In Redditch, Worcestershire, there is a young man named Mr. Edward Wood, who, seeing that there was no possibility of finding work in his own trade, decided to find another occupation.

He was not content with the idea of subsisting on unemployment benefit because, to an ambitious youth, the 17s. a week allowance from the Ministry of Labour must be insufficient for board and lodging and clothing.

Young Wood, in his search for other work, found that he could get a job as a 'bus conductor with one of the largest public transport firms in the Midlands—provided, first, that he spent his own time without wages riding round the various stages to learn the routes and fare charges.

While the lad was undergoing this process of instruction, he continued to register at the employment exchange, where he mentioned what he was doing with a view to getting employment and explained that no wages would be paid to him until he had learned the rudiments of the prospective job.

At once the Ministry of Labour informed him that he could draw no more benefit because, technically, he was not unemployed and was not available for any other work which the Ministry of Labour might find for him.

This, of course, was utter nonsense.

Training for work without wages is not employment and if the employment exchange had any suitable work to offer him—which it had not—Wood would have snapped up the opportunity.

It was pointed out to the Ministry of Labour that this young man was being sorely penalised solely because he was striving to fit himself for a new occupation and that, while he was undergoing training, other unemployed youths were frequenting picture palaces, football fields and public-houses.

* * *

The Ministry remained adamant and obtuse.

Its reply was, in effect, that if young Wood was desirous of having the payment of unemployment benefit renewed to him, he must abandon his training and prospects in new employment and continue to register himself as wholly unemployed!

If the Minister of Labour can construe this kind of lunacy in his Department as either efficiency or sympathy his mind must be much more elastic than even his political opponents believe it to be.

# JUSTICE RUNS WILD

FOR some time, JOHN BULL is aware, there has been considerable disquietude in the Home Office regarding the extraordinary methods still being used by benches of lay magistrates in many areas of the country when dealing with petty delinquency among young persons.

Those in close contact with the Home Secretary's advisers have good reason to believe that this matter is now regarded so gravely that already revolutionary schemes are being considered with a view to the complete overhaul of the police-courts machinery which deals with young offenders.

* *

The apprehension that is simmering should boil up into outright conviction and forceful action by the presentation of the facts of the following case to Sir Samuel Hoare.

It is an appalling instance of the harshness which permeates and blackens the administration of the lower courts by justices who retain almost mediæval conceptions of the vindication of the law of private property and of the reform of young people who trespass against it.

Edward Haseldean, age seventeen, and Thomas Hasson, age nineteen, two lads of Bentley, Doncaster, have each been sentenced at the Doncaster West Riding Court to one month's imprisonment for stealing a hen valued at five shillings!

Neither of the lads had ever been in trouble before except for a trivial incident some years ago when Haseldean, with other schoolboys, was dealt with by the police for riding about a field on some pit ponies which had been brought to the surface for rest from a local coalmine.

* * *

Both belong to highly esteemed families, and were regarded by their employers as excellent young workers.

Hasson's mother died recently, and his father is so upset by the sentence imposed on his son that he has left the district where his home has been for many years.

Haseldean and Hasson were temporarily unemployed, and decided to spend part of their enforced leisure at a Yorkshire boys' camp.

With five other youths they went for a country ramble and, in the course of it, the two of them pursued a hen across a field.

When they captured it they took it to the camp, where it was killed and cooked.

The two lads immediately regretted their action, went to the owner of the hen and offered to pay the value of it. It was too late, however, to make recompense. A report had been made to the police that the bird was missing.

* * *

In due course the lads had to present themselves at the police court.

While the case was being heard, Haseldean's father and mother, who have six children, were attending a funeral.

They were near complete collapse when they reached the court, heard the terrible sentence that had been pronounced, and saw that their boy had broken down and was crying like a child while he awaited removal to prison.

Police officers, it is known, were astounded by the sentence.

The owner of the hen was staggered.

So also will be all ordinary thinking people.

Justice ceases to be stern and becomes fierce and repellent when, in this abhorrent manner, it degrades young people of good character with severe imprisonment at the threshold of their lives.

* * *

When the Home Secretary has considered and dealt with the case of these Yorkshire youths, he might also profitably give attention to another one reported to us from Barnet, Hertfordshire.

There a fourteen-year-old boy has been ordered to be sent to a reformatory—not for any specified period, but for an indeterminate number of years.

His offence was the theft of a penny newspaper!

It is true that this boy had previously been before the court, but his misbehaviour was not serious.

And it was admitted when he was charged with the theft of the newspaper that his home conditions were very good and his school character excellent.

It was never intended that the powers conferred on magistrates by recent legislation to order the banishment of children should be exercised so deplorably.

# *Tenants Beware!*

LORD RIDLEY, the chairman of the Government committee enquiring into the landlords' demand for relaxation of rents control, would be well advised to direct the investigation towards serious events now happening in many parts of Britain.

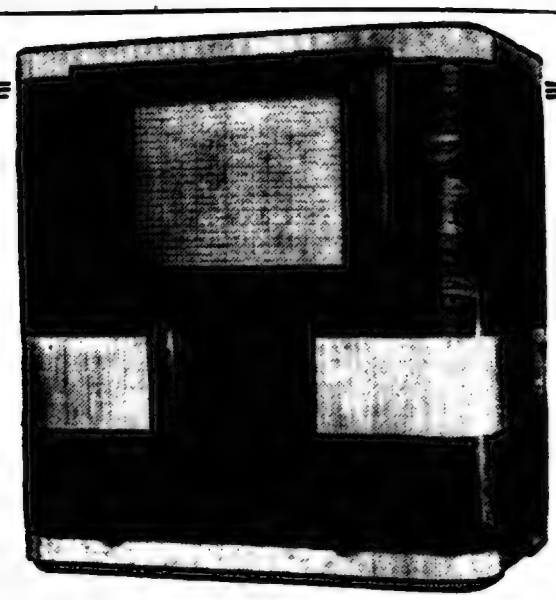
Particularly should he get in touch with Mr. F. Morton Smith, the able clerk to the Sunderland magistrates.

Mr. Morton Smith is convinced that property owners are using the courts to put pressure on tenants by applying for summonses about which no more is heard.

Abundant evidence is reaching JOHN BULL from other sources that this is all part of a great manœuvre begun by large numbers of landlords of working-class dwellings to get rid of the sitting tenants of controlled houses and to raise rents before new legislation can be passed.

On a wholesale scale, where changes of tenancies take place, landlords are wrongfully proceeding to register controlled property as decontrolled.

So vicious is the campaign against tenants, indeed, that cases are coming to light of landlords going to the courts and obtaining orders against house occupiers who have not even had summonses served on them.



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

# PERILS TO BREADWINNERS

## J.P.s Talk in Their Sleep—Why Outlaw the Babies?—Making Bibles into Guns

DEAR LORD HIRST,—I wish I could believe that the industrial boom has not brought a boom in the accidents, sickness and mental strain suffered by factory workers.

But I, for one, refuse to enthuse about the comforts of prosperity while shutting my eyes to its curses. Are your eyes open, too?

As president of the Federation of British Industries, you should be well aware of the rapidly mounting toll which industry is exacting from muscle and mind.

Last year 176,390 casualties were reported from the battlefield of daily work, 920 of them were fatal. Doctors' surgeries are crowded with workers of all ages who, though escaping physical injury, find that their health is being undermined by a strain which grows steadily greater.

Hardly a week passes without adding a fresh chapter to this shameful story of which the public hears little and most employers disregard.

This week, for example, the deputy Chief Inspector of Mines has produced figures which show that quarry deaths have risen 50 per cent. during the past eighteen months. He rightly asserts that the position is "sufficiently alarming to cause people to sit up and take serious notice."

* * *

And the reasons he gives for this startling increase in the numbers of killed and maimed are true not only of quarrying but nearly every branch of industry.

He blames "speeding up," the reintroduction of men who had been unemployed for a long time, and the presence of unskilled employees.

In factories everywhere, as you know, the craze for speed and still more speed is being allowed full fling. Workers are being subjected to inhuman and impossible conditions.

The machines they tend set a pace which saps their vitality and strains their nerves to breaking point. Their hands work on long after the day's work is done. The fear of being dismissed for slowness has results which, though less apparent, are far graver. Increased fatigue inevitably means less alertness and greater risk of accidents.

* * *

The problem is not a new one. But there is more need than ever for it to be faced. Are the employers you represent taking steps to remedy its evils?

Any effort to reduce the unnecessary competition which demands "speeding up" in practically every industrial process? Any general, wholehearted application of safety regulations? Any scheme to enable men who have been out of work for years to "take it easy" in jobs which threaten life and limb?

I know of none. Nor do I see any sign of preparations for the slump which will, as Mr. Arthur Greenwood has recently warned us, follow the present boom.

While our brief prosperity lasts, it seems, industrial workers must tolerate perilous conditions. When it ends, they will be thrown on the scrap heap to tolerate semi-starvation.

Now employers have a duty in this matter as well as the politicians. I wish you would try to make them realise it.—JOHN BULL.

*You should know the truth about industry's "speeding up," Lord Hirst!*

Official Gazette publishes a list of eighty-eight persons who have been deprived of German nationality because their attitude is "in conflict with the duty of loyalty towards Reich and people." It includes two babies aged one year, a child of two and another of three years.

Did they refuse to give the Nazi salute in their cradles?—JOHN BULL.

**Mr. EDWARD H. PARTINGTON,**
*Surbiton*

DEAR SIR,—No one can begrudge your making a fortune at the age of seventy-seven, after sixteen years of self-imposed poverty while you carried on experiments.

But I wish your perseverance were being rewarded in a different way than the manufacture of gun-cotton from old Bibles.

Perhaps you don't perceive the irony of the Gospel of Peace being turned into the Stuff of War. Or do you think that, in a world where ideals are prostituted, nothing should shock us?—JOHN BULL.

**HORNSEY COUNCIL: Strange it should take you since 1870 to realise women teachers don't lose ability on marriage.—JOHN BULL.**

**Mr. JOE TINKER,**
*M.P. for Leigh, Lancs*

DEAR JOE,—Take pride in having taken part in 315 out of a possible 322 divisions during the last session of Parliament. It was the best performance of all.

Unlike yourself, there are too many "carpet baggers," who, once elected, don't give "a tinker's damn" whether they attend or not.—JOHN BULL.

**Dr. PARSONS,**
*Bishop of Southwark*

MY LORD,—You have every legal right, I recognise, to refuse permission for divorced persons—no matter how they may have been wronged by their former partners—to be remarried in the churches in your diocese.

I am not so sure about the moral right. You are a bishop of a State Church, and the State grants divorce.

You can't have it both ways. If the Church refuses to abide by State decisions, it should cease the claim of the protection of the State.—JOHN BULL.

**NELLIE WALLACE: Add my cheer to pit and gallery applause for stopping panic when theatre fire broke out.—JOHN BULL.**

**Major CEDRIC GODFREY,**
*Chief Constable of Salford*

DEAR CHIEF,—I'm glad to find you saying this week very much what I said last week—that though many drivers are guilty of dangerous driving, many more pedestrians are guilty of dangerous walking.

And you want it possible to take action against those who thus endanger themselves and others.

Well, that may prove necessary if the "safety crossings" are not to remain a perilous farce.—JOHN BULL.

**Sir W. R. WILLIAMS,**
*Cardiff Education Authority*

SIR,—Hush-hush merchants like yourself cannot complain if you excite suspicion.

When successfully proposing that reporters should be excluded from a committee meeting, you rashly admitted that "We shall not be able to say all we would like if the Press were present."

Since ratepayers pay the piper, shouldn't they be allowed to hear the tune?—JOHN BULL.

**Lord LONSDALE,**
*G.O.M. of Sport*

MY LORD,—So at last you have been persuaded to tell your life story. What a life it has been!

Friend of kings and commoners, and idol of sportsmen the world over, the exploits of your long career are more romantic than any fiction.

Maybe you would rather handle a horse than a pen, or fight over again that thrilling bout you had with John L. Sullivan.

But your countless admirers have waited long to share all those secrets which only the Grand Old Man of Sport can reveal, and now, like the good sport you are, you are not going to disappoint them. Good!—JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ERNEST BROWN,**
*Minister of Labour*

DEAR MR. BROWN,—A number of South Wales men, all skilled craftsmen, were receiving 28s. a week relief. Temporary jobs were found for them on the land.

Now they are unemployed again. But the employment exchange says they are entitled only to 21s. a week, the agricultural workers' rate.

A damnable injustice, it seems to me. What do you call it?—JOHN BULL.

**Col. EDWARD HALL,**
*Chairman, Chaple-en-le-Frith Bench*

DEAR COLONEL,—I take your word for it that you didn't fall asleep and snore when trying a manslaughter case, as defending counsel alleges.

At least, you say "Not to my knowledge."

But, judging by the decisions of some magistrates they not only sleep but talk in their sleep.—JOHN BULL.

**General HERMANN GOERING,**
*Prussian Swashbuckler*

GENERAL,—What an inimitable genius your Nazi stalwarts have for making themselves look silly! The German

# Dotty Dialogues

*Recorded by Our Special Investigator*

IN the past few days I have been busily employed searching for brains—and any smart Alec who cares to remark, "And none too soon!" is welcome to whatever satisfaction the paltry sarcasm may bring him. So there!

The reason for embarking on this arduous task was supplied by Mr. Lester Smith, Director of Education, who told the British Institute of Education that he used to travel to London in first-class railway carriages with "gentlemen of the Stock Exchange type," but nowadays travels to Manchester daily by a crowded bus and finds that "the intellectual conversation on the bus is vastly higher."

* * *

Here, obviously, was something calling for the attention of a Very Special Investigator. So with a "Yoicks!" "Tally-ho!" and so forth, I set out on a spell of intensive eavesdropping.

Regarding the intellectual content of dialogues carried on by City gents, in a first-class carriage I invaded I cannot express an opinion, because of my linguistic disabilities. I mean, what is one to make of this sort of thing?

"Send 'em you f.o.b."
"'cept I.O.U.?"
"No—C.O.D."
"O.K."

And that, apparently, was that.

At other times the carriage was filled with zoological noises, the inmates indulging in barks and grunts interspersed with occasional snatches of what seemed to be English. I fancied I caught references to "confounded Bolshevists"

and "too much pampering," and there was one choleric gent, whose grunts were directed against "'ism." But I reached London Bridge without discovering whether it was socialism, communism or rheumatism.

The top of a bus provided something more comprehensible, but I should hesitate to say that it was more intellectual. The treasures of the mind poured out by passengers in my vicinity mostly consisted of:—

"An' I tole 'im wot 'e could do with 'is blinkin' job."

"Only two-an'-eleven-three-farthings a yard, so I got a yard-an'-a-half."

"If Mussolini joins up with Hitler—well, it stands to reason, doesn't it?"

"I may be getting it mixed, but I thought Peg Twinkletoes was his wife. But there, you can never tell with these theatre people. I mean, I wonder if Nervo and Knox are really married?"

Perhaps I got on the wrong bus, but the results certainly were not encouraging. Nor were visits to a couple of Bloomsbury cocktail parties. The first wash-out, as most of those present were speaking Russian or Spanish. The second was even more of a wash-out, as practically everybody was speaking English.

* * *

In the course of seven and a half minutes (which was as much as flesh and blood pressure could stand) I learned that H. G. Wells is "definitely old-fashioned," that Shaw is "too dim for words," and that Lajos Upopsky is the only "really significant" British film producer.

Probably these Bloomsbury conversations came nearest to the intellectual altitudes of the Manchester bus-riders with whom Mr. Lester Smith consorts. But the only really stimulating dialogue I heard during my investigation took place in a pub. As it seems to me a model of point and conciseness, I give it verbatim:—

First Citizen: Wotillyouave?
Second Citizen: Sameagain.
Rather neat, don't you think?

Y. Z.

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# Thunder over *the* BLACK WORLD

## *by* A. G. Gardiner

IT is a long, long way from Trinidad to Charing Cross; but what is happening there concerns us as much as anything that is happening on our doorsteps. It is a distant blaze, but it is a blaze that throws a warning red light over the whole British Empire, all the more threatening because the Empire is under challenge from the military dictatorship of the world from Berlin and Rome to Tokyo.

Let us take a glance at the events that have sent the Commission of Enquiry hotfoot from London to the scene. I dare say that Uriah B. Butler, the negro cobbler with a limp, who started the blaze, is a troublesome fellow, a born agitator, "part lunatic, part poet," as he has been described.

He took part in the Great War, and, returning to the West Indies, worked in the Apex oilfield of Trinidad, where he started disturbances that put him "out of bounds" to the local Labour movement which has affiliation with the T.U.C.

Thereupon he raised a rebel Party with himself as Chief Servant and plunged the island in a great strike wave leading to the shooting of natives and the burning alive of a policeman. Being captured and accused of organising public disorder, he jumped his bail, fled to the woods and remains at large.

A DESPERATE fellow no doubt; but that must not blind us to the significance of the business.

It has not blinded the Governor of Trinidad, Sir Arthur Murchison Fletcher. "Butler has been intemperate, extravagant, even inflammatory," he says. "But running through all his utterances there has been an undercurrent of sincere appeal." And that appeal, Sir Arthur emphasises, has never been answered.

The appeal is for the amelioration of the condition of the native workers which the Colonial Secretary, Nankivell, has declared in the Legislature amounts to "economic slavery."

"The standard of living, the state of malnutrition among many of the workers is the lowest I have witnessed," said the Governor in an appeal to the employers to restore the cuts of 1931 and to raise wages even above the pre-cut level.

If it is true, as has been stated, that the average wage is 1s. 8d. a day, it is not surprising that the negro cobbler's eloquence has set the island in a blaze, and that a condition of things prevails that calls not for the intervention of armed forces, but for drastic remedies of quite another sort.

Let us hope that as the result of the Commission of Enquiry those remedies will be applied promptly and resolutely.

But it is not in Trinidad only that the red light is shown. Native unrest is rampant from Kenya and the plantations of Mauritius to the islands of the West Indies.

In Barbados there have been hand-to-hand battles in the streets in which several lives were lost. In Jamaica there has been a rising among the transport workers for a minimum wage. Even in the little Caribbean island of Inagua there has been the disquieting spectacle of the British Commissioner fleeing for safety in a small boat from the fury of the mob.

*A scene during a Trinidad labour riot when two churchmen helped soften the temper of the crowd*

It is as easy as it is foolish to attribute these symptoms of unrest to the machinations of Moscow and the reds. Doubtless there are wild men in these remote places as elsewhere, but the driving force behind these outbreaks is not political ideology, but social misery and physical impoverishment among peoples poorly fed and without any of the social services, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, trade union help, that alleviate the condition of workers at home.

This widespread unrest has two important aspects. I am far from suggesting that our colonial administration is unjust or inhuman. I believe the contrary to be the fact.

There is no more competent and disinterested service than that of the Colonial Department. The quotations I have made from the remarks of the Governor of Trinidad are witness to that.

BUT there is a grave lag in the application of ideas to the case of native workers. The revolution in industrial conditions which has changed the face of things at home has also reached the Colonies without bringing the alleviations that the white worker has secured.

A generation of natives has arisen which is cut off from its old life.

It knows nothing of the kraal and the laws of the tribe. It has been swept into the towns and absorbed by the industrial and commercial machine. It knows of the movement of the outside world and knows that it has no share in it. It works side by side with the white man, but it lives on a lower plane of existence and is conscious of being a serf in its own country.

Our administration has not adjusted itself to this revolution in conditions. Hence the unrest. Hence the opportunity of firebrands like Uriah B. Butler. The unrest will not yield to force. It will only yield to justice.

We must catch up the time lag and apply the appeasement that has made the transition to modern industrial conditions possible at home. The black or brown labourer must have the same protection against exploitation that the white worker has. He must have the same right to collective bargaining and the same title to make his grievances heard.

"The promises of British statesmen that there should be no distinction of civil rights in the Empire as between British subjects on the ground of race or religion stand thick on record," says that eminent Colonial administrator Lord Olivier, and it is our business to see that those promises are honoured.

We cannot do this in the case of the self-governing Dominions like South Africa, where the colour bar is most oppressive. It is the fact of that oppression that should forbid us to accede to the demand that more of the native territory should be transferred to the South African Union.

But in the territories that are still administered from London a new dispensation should issue. Three Commissions are abroad investigating the causes of the unrest. I hope as a result of those investigations there will be a fundamental change in Colonial Office policy.

THE first essential of such a change is that a Labour Department should be set up in the Ministry that should anticipate the grievances of black labour before they have powder magazines for the Uriah B. Butlers to explode.

And there is another and a wider reason why no time should be lost in this matter. The Colonial question has flamed heaven high and is not going to be easily quenched. The military dictators are out against the British Empire first and foremost, and time alone can show what the issue of that challenge will be.

The Japanese are ravaging China. Mussolini has seized Abyssinia. Hitler tells us that Germany will not rest until she, too, has her "place in the sun."

The whole problem of the administration of the backward races is in the melting-pot, and it is a problem that touches us more acutely than any other Power in the world.

All the more reason, apart from any question of justice or humanity, why we should lose no time in making our peace with the native populations and in showing that our administration commands their confidence and loyalty.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

## UNPLEASANT PEOPLE

STEADY and persistent effort towards a goal is one of the most desirable habits we can cultivate; but, as with most human affairs, there is a danger as well as a virtue in it. The danger consists in allowing ourselves to come to believe that the effort is more important than the goal.

If you think this isn't a danger forget it. It's a very real one. The world is quite thickly populated with people who long ago forgot just what the end was they had in view, but who are still hard at it trying to get there.

Such people are the most trying of all. They are the people we call fanatics; and fanaticism, as some understanding person once said, "consists of redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim."

Effort and striving are means to an end. If we ever come to think of them as ends in themselves we have developed an unreasoning inelasticity of mind that is going to make us useless to ourselves and a positive nuisance to everyone else.

Put into plain language, a fanatic is the worst type of egoist. Long ago he set out to achieve something for himself; but now he is only bent on making everyone else achieve it. Times may change, the world may move on, but he stands still, his mind tight shut to reason or argument or any idea save the one that once spurred him into activity.

It is a state of mind that, to some degree or other, we are all liable to fall into unless we watch ourselves. And the only real safeguard is to listen to the opinions of others, listen to their arguments, and be willing to look facts in the face.

However much we know we might be wrong. To be willing to admit that is to avoid being a fanatic.

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*Neither schoolchildren nor their parents will tolerate more blunders by the school chiefs. The strikes are a warning which must be heeded*

# REVOLT *of the* Mothers

JUST over a year ago JOHN BULL completed a full-scale investigation into the scandal of this country's elementary schools policy. We showed how the Government's mean and restrictive finance was mainly responsible for bad and inadequate schools.

At the time those articles were written the capital expenditure on school improvements by local authorities had dropped from over £9,000,000 in 1930 to barely £3,000,000 in the 1935 Report. Defence expenditure was the excuse. Children's needs were being sacrificed to the needs of the guns.

Next year, the current year following our articles, although defence expenditure had increased, another £2,000,000 was hurriedly earmarked for new schools, bringing the total to just over £5,000,000.

But it is not enough and it comes too late.

All over the country mothers are in revolt against what the local authorities pretend are adequate school facilities. During the past year there have been school strikes almost every week, thousands of children have been involved, and in many places the authorities have been brought to a standstill.

## Rotten farce

*And now—"Schoolchildren go on strike" has ceased to be an amusing headline. It has become a rotten sort of farce for the year 1937. And the quicker the curtain is down the better.*

It has long ceased to be amusing to the actors—to the mothers and children. Look at some of the facts.

A few days ago over one hundred parents and schoolchildren were parading through the streets of High Wycombe, in Bucks. They even burst into the council chamber and ranged themselves round the tables while the borough council was in session. Their complaint was that the council had clamped down a new school at the opposite end of the town from where most of the children lived.

That, on the face of it, might seem a trivial matter and not worth all the fuss.

But the new school involved a three-mile walk for most of the children, and in bad weather they would arrive wet through.

Which is enough for any mother to grow angry about, particularly since we have not yet arrived at the stage when councils are prepared to provide shoe leather and mackintoshes for children. The parents asked for a 'bus for the children.

A mild enough request since the council had consulted only itself as to where it would put down its fine new school. That struggle is still proceeding.

This trouble at High Wycombe merely happens to be the most recent. There are other cases among these weekly school strikes which are far worse, where the fight has been more bitter and the struggle longer.

At Romford, Essex, in the heart of one of these new housing areas which have sprung up round London, the parents and children have been on a school strike for months. The parents are so grimly determined that they have now reached the stage of starting their own school, financed with £1 shares, with its own buildings and certificated staff—and letting the Essex Council chase itself.

They have been maintaining a temporary school since the end of the summer holidays.

Most parents would sympathise with their case. Put briefly, it is that the Education Committee arbitrarily demanded that the children should go from London Road School to another school at Chadwell Heath, which involved *a six- to eight-mile walk every day to and from school.*

To reach this school the 350 children would have to follow and cross the London-Colchester-Yarmouth road, one of the busiest and most dangerous routes in the country. The children would not be able to get home for lunch and in wet weather would have to sit about all the day in wet clothes.

## New one wanted

The parents point out that Romford now has a school population of 9,000, and that it is time the council built a new school of its own, or enlarged the existing school in London Road from which the strikers have been transferred.

Similar strikes and trouble have developed in another new housing centre, Kingsbury, in the north of London. JOHN BULL, in its housing and schools campaigns, warned the authorities that these troubles would arise when schools were put down on by-pass roads or were not allowed for at all in the growth of these new townships.

At Kingsbury the parents have protested against their children being shut out of the overcrowded Roe Green school and sent to another nearly a mile away.

To reach it the children must cross a main road roaring with traffic and with no safety crossings. "It will be a massacre," said one parent.

Another woman said that her child, recently ill with meningitis, kept on calling out in delirium, "Please, Mr. Policeman, will you take me across the road?" Fear of the traffic, she said, is preying on the children's minds. She, with fifty other parents, refuses to obey the council's order and send the children along this death-trap road to the new school.

## Road slaughter

Within the past few months there have been strikes at Hastings, Tividale (Staffs), Stepney, and many other places owing to little children being killed on the way to and from schools which have been set down on arterial roads, and other roads without any safety crossings or control points.

At Tividale a grudging victory was won from the Board of Education when it approved plans for a 'bus service to bring the five-year-olds and other infants to school. At some other places crossings have been marked on the school routes or policemen assigned to control points.

*But why should children be killed and maimed, parents strike, and schools be shut up before such elementary safeguards are brought about?*

There are school strikes on at the moment in Durham, Wiltshire, Sussex, Essex, Flintshire, to name only a few counties, for the less tragic reasons which we first mentioned—peremptory demands by councils that "overflow" children should be compelled to go to other schools outside their home districts and involving many miles of journeying in all kinds of weather.

## Changed times

Why should the children and mothers be forced to put up with this kind of thing?

Certain biographers of self-made men when they want to paint their early hardships are fond of telling us that they walked six miles to school every day—as though that fact was responsible for their success. But this is 1937, and there is absolutely no reason for such ordeals nowadays—unless, that is, the councils hope to manufacture captains of industry by such methods.

But there is no guarantee of that. The odds are, anyway, that our "great man" did his six miles to school along empty hill roads and not along the kind of road the modern child is asked to traverse. Otherwise he would probably never have survived to become a "great man."

We warn the authorities again that these one-a-week school strikes are only a beginning. Soon they will be one a day.

The revolt of the mothers has started. We prophesied it a year ago, and for the causes we stated then: (1) the lack of any Government-planned policy for school-building adequate and suitable to modern requirements, and (2) the Government's withdrawal of funds to local authorities for school improvements.

Those causes still stand. Until they are removed the school strikes will go on. And what began as a new and mildly amusing social phenomenon may grow into the most serious educational problem which the authorities have yet had to face.

## POLITICS AND YOU

# *Humanising the Law*

THE new family courts come into existence this week. The Home office has issued a circular to local justices of the peace reminding them of this and outlining the procedure they will have to adopt to comply with the law.

As this paper explained some months ago, when it foreshadowed the coming of this reform, these courts have been brought into being to give the maximum privacy to such cases as arise between husband and wife and to the applications made by women and girls for affiliation orders.

To ensure this and also to get away as much as possible from the police court atmosphere, the Home Secretary suggests that, if available, some other room should be used for these cases, and that when there are a number down for hearing they should be taken quietly at a special session.

• • •

A crowd of J.P.s on the Bench and a crowd of onlookers in the gallery are both to be prohibited. The cases are to come before not more than three justices, one of whom, at least, must be a woman, thus giving both sexes representation among the judges.

Admission of the public is to be confined to "persons whom either party desires to be present" and such others as are connected with the proceedings. The Press will be admitted, but it will keep any reports it makes to the minimum.

One of the objects of this new Act is to provide machinery for helping quarrelsome couples to come together again. For this purpose the probation officers attached to the court have been given special functions. The justices are to use them to act as conciliators, but, when doing so, such justices are asked to select, if possible, a probation officer who is of the same religious persuasion as the parties he is trying to help.

This new procedure is another, and very welcome, step in the slow process of humanising the law. It should do incalculable good in mending many marriages before it is too late. It will also save many thousands from the misery and degradation of having their dirty linen displayed to the world at large.

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# Fake Titles *in* MARRIAGE *Rackets*

## by HANNEN SWAFFER

I MET in the West End, the other night, a Count Somebody-or-other. When he gave me his card, I saw that he was using one of those strange names you cannot remember. They mean nothing. You do not even know the country of their origin.

An American friend, used to the seamy side of life, turned to me and said: "Do you know him? He looks a phoney to me."

Now, the bearer of this title was a nice-looking, pleasant man, with considerable charm. But it made me wonder.

And I still wonder. Before long, for all I know, this titled personage will be in the county court, or in some law case accused of obtaining something or selling something, or he will ultimately end in the dock.

It is incredible how, even in these days after all the JOHN BULL warnings, and all the cases in the courts, crooks, so long as they possess good looks, appearance, "polish" and education, can masquerade for fraudulent purposes as members of titled—and even of Royal—families.

### Too proud

Month, occasionally, such a person is in the dock, charged with some me[illegible] usually happens that the bogus "nobleman" gets away with his frauds. Those his victims are either too proud to appear in court as witnesses or are people who are ashamed of showing how credulous and stupid they have been.

Study, for a second or two, the case of Shajto Jackson, who has been living on his wits for months. Now, he is only twenty-five years old. Yet his dupes, England, Ireland and Jersey, include a long string of hotel managers, boarding-house proprietors, tradesmen and women.

All believed he was something he was most certainly not. They took him at his word.

His university education and the veneer of polish he acquired there enabled him to carry on his imposture in the guises of "The Viscount Beaumont," "Count de la Feld," "The Revd. Viscount Beaumont," "Prince Leopold von Berfeld Zu Oenberg und Friedenberg."

Inspired articles stated that he was the son of Prince Bernard de la Feld, Chamberlain to the late Emperor of Austria, and that he was grandson of the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, and nephew of the late King of Norway. His cousin, he told others, was a famous English peer.

One of his victims became his accomplice. She belonged to Bristol, where she might have lived happily. He made love to her, and she became his wife. Then, as a "Viscountess" or a "Comtesse," she toured the country with him and, on the strength of their bogus titles, obtained money and credit on all sides. Now she is in prison for passing dishonoured cheques.

### Eager women

This is only one of many cases which appear in a long report which lies before me, one that is one long coruscation of titles, all of them bogus.

For some years ago there started in London a marriage racket. Men, who were more or less honestly engaged in the business, arranged marriages between women of means, English and American, and members of impecunious Continental families with real titles.

Out of this grew a trade based entirely on fake.

*Both in London and Paris, during recent months, there has sprung up a very profitable business. Men, chiefly of foreign origin, specialise in introducing noblemen to rich women who crave titles, noblemen whose titles exist only in their imaginations.*

*"Viscount Beaumont—Count de la Feld—Prince Leopold von Berfeld . . ."—none other than Shajto Jackson (with his wife) now in jail after living on his wits for months*

Scotland Yard has received so many complaints, that all the princes, barons, counts, comtes, excellencies—yes, and even plain sirs—who are not known to be genuine have come under a rigid examination.

### Money does it

Let me tell you a few of the cases now being investigated by the police.

A wealthy woman, of American nationality, arrived in London a few months ago. She came over originally for the Coronation, and took a suite at one of London's luxury hotels. While there she chanced to make the acquaintance of a young woman who was also staying at the hotel, and who was constantly to be seen in the company of fashionably dressed people.

After one or two casual conversations, the young woman and the American became friendly. "Marriage" cropped up. Husbands of title and position, particularly if they were members of exclusive foreign families, were always available, it seemed, for "matching" to suitable ladies.

Indeed, the American was told that it was quite a business nowadays, and introductions could be made quite simply, provided a good-sized fee was paid to the broker making the introduction.

An appointment was made at an office near Marble Arch, and the "broker" came on to the scene. He spoke with a foreign accent, and in due course *produced a list of supposed foreign dignitaries who were willing to give their titles and matrimonial services to suitable applicants with means.*

It was merely, on the surface, a kind of exclusive matrimonial agency, its clients being people above the ordinary class.

Well, this American dupe is to-day the poorer by nearly £2,000. As the result of her association with the "broker" and his agents, she met a "nobleman," one who appeared to be a smart, elegant, young French count. Soon, he turned out to be a Continental adventurer with a notorious record in Paris and elsewhere.

What the more unscrupulous of these "brokers" do is to get hold of a likely victim and then arrange for a supposed "nobleman" to be introduced. The man is usually an accomplice, and those financing him set him up in a good hotel and arrange for him to attend smart functions, so that he can be seen mixing with well-known and well-placed people.

Quite a lot is spent on paving the way, "parties" and that sort of thing. Then the "Count" is introduced—and he and his accomplices get away with the boodle.

Early this year, a very well-groomed and impressive man, who claimed that he was related to the Hapsburgs, and who passed as a duke, but whose real name is Winogradoff, paid three visits to London. Although he came in with a passport which seemed in order, information of an interesting character reached the authorities, and so he was watched closely.

He was found to be in association with people known to be involved in the "marriage racket," and soon he was seen meeting different women at fashionable hotels.

### "Star" crook

His movements proved to be so suspicious that he was continually shadowed. As they say at Scotland Yard, "a tail was put on him." As it was believed that he posed to one of the women to whom he had been introduced as a nobleman, and it was known he was staying under a false name, he was visited by two police officers.

Asked to show his passport and answer several questions specially framed for him, he gave answers that were not what they would have been had he been all he said he was, and so he was taken into custody.

*Enquiries made about him have now established that he is a leading member of this new "marriage broker" ramp, and that he is an international crook of the cultured and "exclusive" type.*

His passport was a forged one, cleverly faked, and one of many which are worrying our police very much just now.

In his real name, Vladimir Winogradoff, they found he had seven prison sentences to his credit in different parts of the world, notably Berlin, Poland, Brussels, Nice and Paris!

Less than a fortnight ago, because of information received by officers of the Special Branch, a so-called "Marquis" was stopped at Folkestone Harbour as he was about to land here with a passport since been found to be irregular.

While being questioned by detectives, he reluctantly made admissions which disclosed his connection with this "marriage racket," and so he was sent back to France.

At the Old Bailey, not long ago, a man who boasted half a dozen foreign titles and who had mixed in London's so-called "society," was sent to prison for a long term for robbing a wealthy woman to whom he had proposed marriage.

Before me, too, are the details of two Russian "princes," one of whom has recently swindled at least three women; a "baron," with women victims in England and in several parts of the Continent—this one, now in prison in Belgium, is also "wanted" here; three "counts," and quite half a dozen "baronets."

### New victims!

I am able to reveal that the new Mayfair "marriage racket" is a scheme perfected about two years ago in Paris by a man who used to be an agent in England for foreign prostitutes who, desiring British citizenship, became the wives of husbands who married them for a fee and left them at the registry door.

His accomplices were Continental "financiers" who had previously made a lucrative livelihood by effecting marriages of a different sort. In these, men were generally the victims!

They came to England. But French detectives sent on "information." In the end, two of their principal agents were arrested.

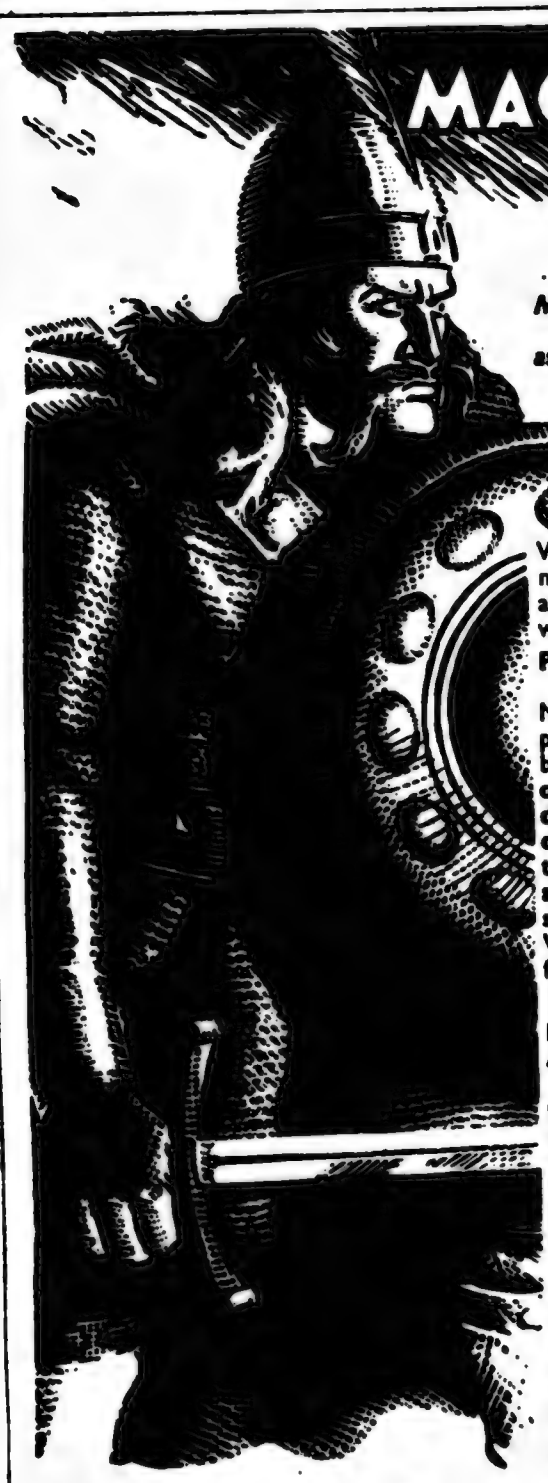
These were Irma Espinasse and Odette Longennier, two beautiful Frenchwomen, supposedly "close-ups" of society, who operated from a sumptuous apartment in the Bois de Boulogne district.

A young American, who belonged to a New York social family, a lover of travel and adventure, had joined a touring cabaret show. This finally landed him in Paris, where Espinasse, whom he met at a hotel party, said she could find him—"for you are such a handsome American boy"—a wealthy wife.

Espinasse was posing in Parisian society as the "Comtesse de Maupin," and ran, on what she said were confidential lines, a marriage bureau for fixing up "society weddings."

In due course, the other woman, Longennier, came on to the scene and posed as a wealthy heiress with a famous name. She agreed to marry the young American, who paid Espinasse a large fee which he obtained from his parents in America on the pretext that he was investing it in a good business in Paris.

If all the dupes would go in the witness-box, all these crooks would soon be in the dock. But most of the dupes are afraid!




*Macbeth :*
*"But yet I'll make assurance double sure"*

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# Where's that Tiger!

ONE of our Representatives wrote to us the other day, and I quote from his letter :—

"*. . . I thought about our advertising, and felt that I should at least record what I feel. When are we going to tell the public what we can offer them? I have yet to find any Radio Receiver that comes in the same Street as ours, and the sooner we shout the fact, the better for all of us. LET US CAPTURE THE IMAGINATION OF THE PUBLIC . . .*"

Well, he does not tell me how to capture it—or what an imagination looks like, and I'm wondering whether to use a gun, a lassoo, or just put a bit of salt on its tail. To tell the truth, capturing people's imaginations is not one of my strong points, but I do think I can present facts fairly clearly. And here is one fact that is worth while keeping in mind when you are thinking of buying a set :

Manufacturers and Retailers fix the list prices of new Radio Sets when they are put on the market, but the second-hand prices are fixed by what *you* think the sets are worth afterwards. The second-hand values of Murphy Sets are higher than those of any other make, and you can confirm this for yourself by asking any friend in the trade, or by looking at the trade papers.

And if in giving you this fact I have succeeded in kidnapping anybody's imagination, I will let them have it back immediately, but the ransom will be the price of a Murphy Set. E. J. POWER.

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**HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ARE AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS.**

MURPHY

*Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts* C. R. Cassi

# FOILING *the* CREDIT CHEAT

THESE are harassing days for many thousands of shopkeepers, and not the least of their problems is the question of the credit customer.

It is not that there is any increase in the demand for or giving of credit. Far worse, from their point of view.

What is worrying those old-established firms which happen to have built up their businesses, in the main, on trusting their customers for a period of months or years, is the fact that so many of their new competitors insist on "strict cash."

Big new multiple stores have sprung up that couldn't sell at the prices they do if they allowed payment in three months' time.

Then there are the vast tailoring establishments that work on a cash basis. Even the big stores that permit customers to have accounts do so guardedly—with no pretence at the old "pay whenever you've got the cash handy" spirit.

Cash down, or a properly regulated system of easy payments, is the keynote of modern business.

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See, then, the quandary in which the more old-fashioned traders find themselves.

In the majority of cases they dare not notify their customers that all bills must be settled, and cash settlements insisted on in future, for in many cases they have retained the patronage for generations by giving ample accommodation.

Thus the various organisations that protect credit traders in different parts of the country are busier than they have ever been before.

It is difficult to believe that the whole system grew out of weekly meetings of a couple of tradesmen in a London coffee-house little more than a hundred years ago.

The tailor would tell of a young blood who was slower than was customary in settling his bills: the bootmaker of an old customer who had suddenly become an obstinate defaulter: the saddler would tell of a young caller who had never done business with him before and ask whether he was a man who could safely be trusted for a year or so.

As customers multiplied, traders found it more and more difficult to discuss them in the short space of time permitted by a meeting.

And so a full-time secretary was employed to keep records of would-be customers.

Out of that, in general, has grown a network of protection associations that looks after credit traders in every town in Britain.

And out of that particular London coffee-house meeting has grown the body that protects the traders in London's vast central and West End shopping area.

In the square mile between Piccadilly Circus and Hyde Park Corner there is more and longer credit given than in any city in England, for as a general rule the wealthier people are the longer they take to pay.

Indian princes, for example, will often neglect to pay a bill for five years. They will owe their shirtmaker alone as much as £250 for that period, and if he has the effrontery to press for payment will take their custom elsewhere.

The attitude of some West End shoppers is staggering.

The manager of one firm in Piccadilly tells of a woman client who was allowed nine months' credit, and who, getting a bill at the end of that time, replied indignantly: "I do not deal with cash tradesmen. You may consider my account closed."

The minor aristocracy who cling to the old credit traditions, but without the financial backing of their ancestors, are often a source of considerable loss.

Too often they die penniless, leaving bills for clothes, wine and cigars that have accumulated over five or more years.

*The housewife has to pay for her shopping as she gets it. The cheats who habitually get goods which they never pay for are being tracked down. Their days are numbered*

Then consider the crooks who take advantage of the credit system. London is not the only city swarming with credit sharks, both large and small.

As an instance, only the other day a man walked into a Piccadilly shop, said he wanted to open an account, ordered some clothes, and incidentally asked the manager to cash a cheque, as his bank would be closed before he could get there.

The manager 'phoned the trade protection society and the bank. The account was passed O.K. and they cashed the cheque.

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When they presented it for payment the signature was found to be forged. The "producer" was an impostor.

In the various protective bodies shopkeepers have a remarkable organisation covering the whole of Europe.

By using a code word, a member can obtain by 'phone the whole financial history of his customer before packing up the goods, if the man has ever had credit elsewhere.

Most of the big stores are connected with the international association by teleprinter, so that if they wished they could confront a customer with details of his own bad record in black-and-white while he is still at the counter.

Yet, despite this service, as efficient in its way as an international police force, tradesmen still continue to rely on references, against the advice of their protection society.

Probably more swindling is worked by false references than by any other method.

A few weeks ago a man went to a Savile Row tailor, leaving a suit to be altered and ordering three new ones. He gave two references which were satisfactory and the suits were put in hand.

A few days later the tailor received a letter from Brixton Prison saying: "I suppose my suits are not yet finished.. Meanwhile, kindly let me have the altered suit at this address."

In the wholesale trade forged references are used with good effect by people who, if the protection societies were consulted, would never get credit.

Recently a man gave his "bankers" as reference. In reply to an enquiry the bank wired: "Standing deposit stop honest stop trustworthy." It was discovered too late that the "bankers" were the crook himself operating from an accommodation address.

Here is a case which just failed to come off owing to the manager's observant eye.

A crook, working from one room in a big block of offices and using very impressive headed paper, ordered a large quantity of goods from a wholesaler.

References were asked for and supplied, but fortunately the manager noticed that in the "Yours faithfully" with which both the references and the original order ended, the "f," "l" and "y" were defective and out of alignment.

All three letters had been typed on the same machine.

That some firms, in their anxiety to obtain orders, will actually accept references in opposition to the report of their protection society was revealed last year, when a man was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for a long series of frauds.

Working in partnership with another man, this rogue used a back yard, rented for 10s. a week, as his headquarters, and from that address sent orders to various firms.

One of the firms, a member of the international association, asked for a report, which came back advising no credit on any account.

Meanwhile, the firm had taken up references, one personal and the other from the managing director of a limited company, and these appeared so good that the firm complained to the international association that they must have made a mistake.

They discovered, too late, that the references had been forged by the rogue and his partner, who was an undischarged bankrupt, that the "managing director" was the rogue himself, and the limited company had been in existence only six weeks, for the sole purpose of guaranteeing the crooks' other ventures.

Jewellers are the crook's most lucrative, and often the easiest, target.

Early this year one well-known firm of jewellers paid dearly for their carelessness.

A man walked in hurriedly with a scribbled note on an order form of a big store near by. The note asked that the bearer be given a selection of rings on approval, the bearer explaining that a valuable customer was waiting in the store.

Without even troubling to check this order, bearing an illegible signature, by telephone, the jeweller handed over the rings, worth several hundred pounds.

Neither the so-called "assistant" nor the rings was ever seen again, and the store knew nothing about it. It was discovered later that one of the store's order books had been stolen.

Considering the ease with which crooks still manage to defraud shops, you might imagine that trade protection societies are not much use to traders. Actually they save tradesmen hundreds of thousands of pounds a year in bad debts.

A glance at the statistics of the international organisation shows that the more enquiries they answer in a year the fewer debts they are asked to recover.

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Since 1930, for example, enquiries have risen steadily from 284,483 per annum to 551,652 in 1936, while debts recovered have fallen from £288,067 in 1930 to £224,184 in 1936.

It is largely due to their organisation, employing 16,000 credit enquiry agents in the British Isles, 4,000 agencies overseas and a special night staff in the headquarters in London to keep enquiries right up to the minute, that there are far fewer bad debts among *bona-fide* customers than before the war, and the average credit period expected of "luxury" West End tradesmen has shortened from five years to eighteen months.

Only the out-and-out crook employing several aliases and accommodation addresses still defeats them, and that usually when the victimised tradesman fails to co-operate with the association.

Certainly, when tradesmen take the trouble to advise as to the activities of a crook, he has small chance of repeating the coup—for all available details are at once circulated..

In this way one city is able to warn another, one country another, as to the movements of a shark.

But tricksters apart, the fact remains that 95 per cent. of Central London's luxury trade and a huge proportion of its ordinary retail trade is done on credit.

Throughout the kingdom, credit is given on a big enough scale to keep thousands of worried tradesmen awake at night.

They will be unfair to themselves, they will be unfair to the general body of shoppers, if they don't put a sensible solution to this burning problem of credit.

*My Mates say—*

# I'm *the best advertisement for* FRY'S COCOA

When you're a roadmaker nothing's certain except bad weather. But whatever job comes along, Joe's always bright and hearty. His wife makes him a steaming cup of Fry's Cocoa every night—regularly, never misses once. It puts strength and energy into a man and there's nothing like it for keeping out the weather.

C.58.23037

● FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

FRY'S—FOOD AND DRINK IN ONE

"SAMMY" from Hassall's famous poster for Drages.

# *"It's so simple!"* said DRAGES *in 1910—and still they say* "It's so simple to have FINE FURNITURE"

It is false economy to buy "cheap" furniture. And it is not necessary, either. You can have *Drages' Fine Furniture* without waiting—furniture of which you will be proud for many years to come—and payment can be arranged out of income, to suit yourself. *"It's so simple!"*

Your interests are safeguarded in every way. Drages give you *Free Fire and Life Insurance* and *Written Protection* in case of misfortune. And the furniture is, of course, guaranteed.

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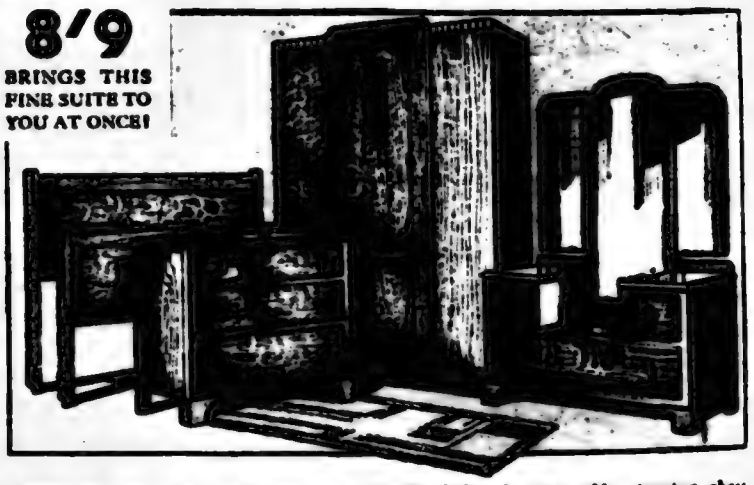
BRINGS THIS FINE SUITE TO YOU AT ONCE!



*Handsome dark oak bedroom group. 4ft. Wardrobe, dressing table, dressing chest. 4ft. 6in. bedstead. Price 20 gns. Delivered on first payment of 8/9 and 8/9 a month after.*

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SEND THIS COUPON NOW

**FREE** *Post in an unsealed ½d.-stamped envelope to Drages. Please send me a copy of your new 32-page Brochure, together with the book "You and Your Home."*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

J.B.2110 .....

*Police, checking up, may find the "information" correct—up to a point, then discover that valuable time has been wasted (a film study)*

# Menace of the False INFORMER

A NEW crime menace is growing rapidly. The Public Prosecutor, permanent officials at the Home Office, the Big Five at Scotland Yard, and the Chiefs of all the leading provincial police forces are worried about it. It is the menace of the false informer.

The work of numerous false informers — and often it is very sinister work—has come to light lately in an increasing number of cases. Through the lodging of false information some men and women are learning to specialise and make profit by drawing red herrings across the trails of crooks who are being pursued by the law.

It is an undoubted fact that within a short space of time hundreds of police officers have, in one way or another, been put off the scent through relying on false information, and precious time and money have been wasted in following up "clues" which have been found to be groundless.

There are several kinds of informer, of course, but the present problem does not centre on the nit-wit practical joker who tries to interfere with police routine "for the fun of the thing," or who seeks to get cheap notoriety or publicity, and to get his photograph in the newspapers.

These fools are legion. So far this year in different parts of the country nearly one hundred and thirty such offenders have been dealt with on "public mischief" charges.

And when they receive prison sentences they deserve them for being the positive nuisances that they are.

But these are only the small fry. It is the more sinister type, the specialised cheats who set out to profit by interfering with the administration of justice, who constitute this new and very real menace.

A short time ago a number of detectives were investigating the ramifications of a gang of expert thieves who had been responsible for a series of quick-fire burglaries in and around suburban London.

Careful enquiry had established the fact that there were twenty to thirty members of the gang, and that over a period of three months or so they had stolen valuables worth upwards of £15,000.

## Clever scheme

Beyond one or two "small" men, who would volunteer no information whatever, no important arrests had been made when an "informer" visited the police.

He gave a name which has since turned out to be an *alias*, and represented that he had been a member of the gang, but had decided to cut adrift. He had heard, he said, that there was an "Informers' Fund" at Scotland Yard, and, as he knew all the "ins and outs" of the gang's wirking, would like to know what his information would be worth.

A long statement was taken from him, in the course of which he made allegations against well-known thieves, and officers were sent out to test it.

They found everything he said was true, and, following up the clues he had provided, began to worm their way more deeply into the gang's internal organisation.

Meantime, unknown to the detectives, the "informer" was busily engaged elsewhere. He was in touch with the heads of the gang, men who did not know he had broken away from them. In short, in accordance with a cleverly laid scheme, he hoped to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

He told his confederates that he was being shadowed by the police, and that detectives had called at his house for a statement of his recent movements. It was clear, he said, from statements made to him by the detectives, that they knew of some of the leaders by name.

In the pretence that, to save his own skin, he was thinking of making a confession, he obtained money from the confederates concerned.

Another of these informers a few months ago sat in a palatial office in the City, directing—or helping to direct—the operations of an "outside broker's" organisation. He was associated with four other men, one of whom was an ex-convict, and he knew, as did they, that their campaign was being run decidedly on fraudulent lines.

Members of the public were invited to subscribe funds for shares which the men professed to have for sale, and thousands of pounds were received from all parts of the land. Many of the incriminating letters written in connection with these transactions were signed by the individual to whom we have alluded, and he was quite prepared to work peacefully with his colleagues while everything was going well.

Suddenly, there was a split in the firm, and the man who turned "informer" broke away. A large sum was due to him, he alleged, as part of his dues, and he intended to get it by fair means or foul.

He had previously given information to the police, and knew the ropes. So, confidentially, he went along to the nearest police station and made a statement, putting himself forward as a man of high integrity who had been badly let down by a "set of crooks."

## Cunning

It so happened that the police were glad to receive information just then, as complaints were beginning to arrive from dupes of the firm about which he had called. What he told the detectives who interviewed him, however, did not go very far. Just far enough for his purpose, that was all.

His next move was a cunning one. He got a confederate to go to one of his colleagues and "confide" in him that he (the informer) was visiting the police station.

His rôle of "informer" enabled him to wheedle from his confederates some of the booty he claimed was due to him!

One of the leading "false informers" in London runs an office in the West End, a flat in South-West London, and a country house on the South Coast. He is interested in several different businesses, and is in touch with several professional informers who undertake special commissions on his behalf.

This man mixes with all types of better-class crooks, and knows all there is to be known in crime circles generally. Nothing "big" in crimes escapes him, and he boasts that he can find out anything he wants to "for the asking."

***He has made large sums for keeping silent at times when it might be dangerous—for others—if he opened his mouth.***

## Waited in vain

Another informer, who has a bad prison record, was a member of a group of jewel thieves who specialise in breaking into wealthy people's residences and stealing jewellery. Several hauls had been made without any arrest taking place, but police observation had grown so acute that the thieves felt it unwise to carry on with their operations once it had become clear to them that some of their number were being watched.

So they hit upon a "false informer" ruse which worked splendidly. A "nark" (police informer) who had previously given information was drawn into their company and "fed" with information about future plans.

As was to be expected, on the night when special police arrangements had been made for a big round-up of the gang, the police waited in vain—only the "nark" turned up. Hours later came the news that a big robbery, planned and performed by the same people, had taken place at the same time in another part of London.

The same thing happened at a big London wharf "break in" some time ago.

A false informer had put the police off the scent with bogus information about a "job" taking place elsewhere, and the thieves about whom he was "narking," and with whom he was at the same time working, got away with bullion valued at a large figure.

The impression was deliberately conveyed that if he told all the inner facts he knew, the police would be able to take action very quickly. Of course, he really intended to say nothing that mattered.

Some false informers, of course, provide the police with information solely to feather their own nests.

One, a man of middle age, who had acted as secretary to an elderly man who is well connected, walked into a prominent police station a few months ago and made charges of the gravest character against his employer. A police officer later called at the employer's house to interrogate him.

When the police officer had gone, the employee told his employer, who by this time was thoroughly intimidated, that certain letters which were in existence would be produced to "clinch" the matter unless he came to his senses and did the right thing.

The "right thing" was money; and the "false informer" got it.

He knew the police could not act upon his information without him coming forward in the rôle of prosecutor—and it was solely to wring money from his victim, who had already paid him heavily and had refused to go on any longer, that he so brazenly went to the authorities.

A much-wanted man was once enabled to escape from the country through the wiles of another false informer.

This informer had been supplying information to the authorities and in so doing had learned that a warrant for the other's arrest was being applied for.

So he just calmly conveyed the news to the man concerned—against whom charges running into many thousands of pounds would have been made had he been arrested—and received a handsome sum for enabling him to get safely away.

Many of these professional "narks" make money also by helping criminals to abscond while on bail, and by intimidating witnesses not to give evidence in court.

## Scoundrels

Scotland Yard records contain scores of cases where this has been done, but where no action can be taken owing to the cleverness of the crooks.

A notorious American, wanted here for fraudulent conversion, recently got away by a bail-jumping ruse which was engineered by a false informer who has several convictions for larceny and fraud.

Then there is the brand of false informer who lays information with the police about some sensational but mythical crime for the sole purpose of selling the "exclusive" story to the Press!

The smaller fry who offer information to the police in the hope of getting a few pounds from the Informers' Fund are a problem, but the real scoundrels are the men who operate on a big and deliberate scale, who are the real menace; who hinder the detection of crime and thwart the administration of justice.

The police are faced with obvious difficulties, but it is to be hoped that some means may soon be found to stamp out this ugly menace.

# TRUTH Behind the WAR TH

YES, there are rackets *and* rackets. Put the wind up a bookmaker or a tradesman, blackmail him for "protection" against imaginary assault or damage, and you are called a gangster, and will some day end up in the dock.

Put the wind up an entire nation, manufacture threats and crises, blackmail it for "protection" against enemy attack, and you are called a patriot and a good business man, and you will some day end up in the peerage. That is—if you are not there already.

But the only differences we can discern between the racecourse thug and that form of international gangsterism called the armaments traffic is that the latter's methods are more subtle, its accent better, its profits bigger and its tactics more dire and dirtier.

The whole world to-day has got the jitters. But if you peer carefully enough into the milling, smoky tangle of international politics and events you can find whose hand starts the panics, and whose hands will pull profits out of that chaos. "*Give us this day our daily scare,*" prays the armaments maker. And if it is not provided, he makes it.

The greatest arms peddler of them all, the late and unlamented Sir Basil Zaharoff, invented the scare racket years ago in the peaceful, prosperous 'nineties. He sold a couple of a new device called the "electric boat" (which we now call the submarine) secretly and exclusively to Turkey.

Then he "blew" the story in the Greek Press. The Russo-Turk war was a long time ago, things were quiet and Greece had patched up its old differences with Turkey, but the news panicked the nation. Hurriedly it voted £3,000,000 for additional armaments and bought half a dozen of these new boats. There was muttering along the Bosphorus. The Balkans pot started a-boiling.

The armaments people saw a good idea in the scare racket, and there were dozens of similar instances up to 1914. The great firm of Krupps, at Essen, actually opened a Press Bureau (not under that name, of course), which at a cost of thousands a year deluged the Press of the world with free material about sensational deadly new war weapons, ascribing the inventions to this or that country.

They even thought of the boys' papers. These were fed with war serials, and articles by famous generals and teachers glorifying war, linking up noble virtues like courage and fitness with war.

And as the armaments firms of all countries linked themselves together with patents sharing and directorships, the game extended. Each knew what the other was doing. One would allow the other to "sell" a new weapon to a country, and then by mutual arrangement come out later with a counterblast.

You remember our Dreadnoughts on which we spent millions, whose armour dreaded no known shell. Then a year or so later came Krupps' "armour-piercing" 8-inch shell, which made them all obsolete. So armour got thicker and tougher, but shells got bigger and guns more powerful.

★ BY these tactics and continual scare rackets the world was kept on the jump.

It had to be, or else the arms factories would have to make ploughs and sewing machines, and, as everybody knows, there is not as much profit in these things as in guns and bullets and battleships.

The pistol shot at Sarajevo in 1914 was the signal for the "cash in" on a generation's scare tactics. How ample was the return you can gather from the Inland Revenue Commissioners' report to a Select Committee at the end of the war, which stated that to their knowledge 360,000 people had increased their fortunes over the pre-war basis by more than £3,000,000,000.

After the war there were new problems for the armaments makers. The world was licking its wounds. It had had enough. It wanted a few generations of peace and quiet for those wounds to heal. There was a beginning of feeling of brotherhood in the world, even among old enemies—which, of course, would never do.

So, among other things, some of the foreign arms firms like Comite des Forges and Skoda and Krupps buy up newspapers in their countries to help keep old wounds alive, to foster hates, to serve as a launching ground for more scare stuff. And even more active steps were taken.

Look, for instance, at the world's three prime trouble-makers—Hitler, Mussolini and the military gang in Japan.

Only five years ago M. Paul Faure, in the French Chamber, made the accusation, supported by facts and documents, that the French arms firm of Schneider-Creusot, through its subsidiary, the Czecho-Slovakian arms firm of Skoda, and through a bank (the Union Européenne Banque) which the latter owns, financed Hitler's march to power.

Faure was M.P. for the Creusot division in France, where this arms works is situated. He was a Frenchman, speaking in France, speaking in the French Parliament, and what he said was never disproved. At the same time, this firm's newspapers were warning France about the Hitler menace, and telling Europe about the terrifying intentions of this new dictator, and what shocking killing appliances German scientists had invented.

The same hands were behind the "march to Rome," with which Mussolini got into power. Mussolini was a penniless journalist whose highest rostrum was a soap-box. Where did the money come from to pay and launch the "black shirt" volunteers on Rome? Did they each finance themselves over months? Fifty per cent. of the first "phalanxes" were working men. The rest were "out-of-works."

Did the great Italian industrialists and bankers finance the march to "end the Red menace"? Within three months of Mussolini's assumption of power hundreds were exiles or prisoners in the Lipari Islands. The line of gold which put Mussolini into power has been traced to the same source as Hitler's.

★ AND Japan? The "war gang" of generals who dictate to the temperate sections of Japanese political executives draw contributions for their campaigns from the same sources. Japan with its feudal system maintains secret societies like the one which recently ordered the butchery of the Japanese Cabinet Ministers, and backed the revolt of hot-blood officers. And the heads of the chief of these societies—the Black Dragon—are also in control of Japan's armaments factories, and through these of two of Tokio's newspapers.

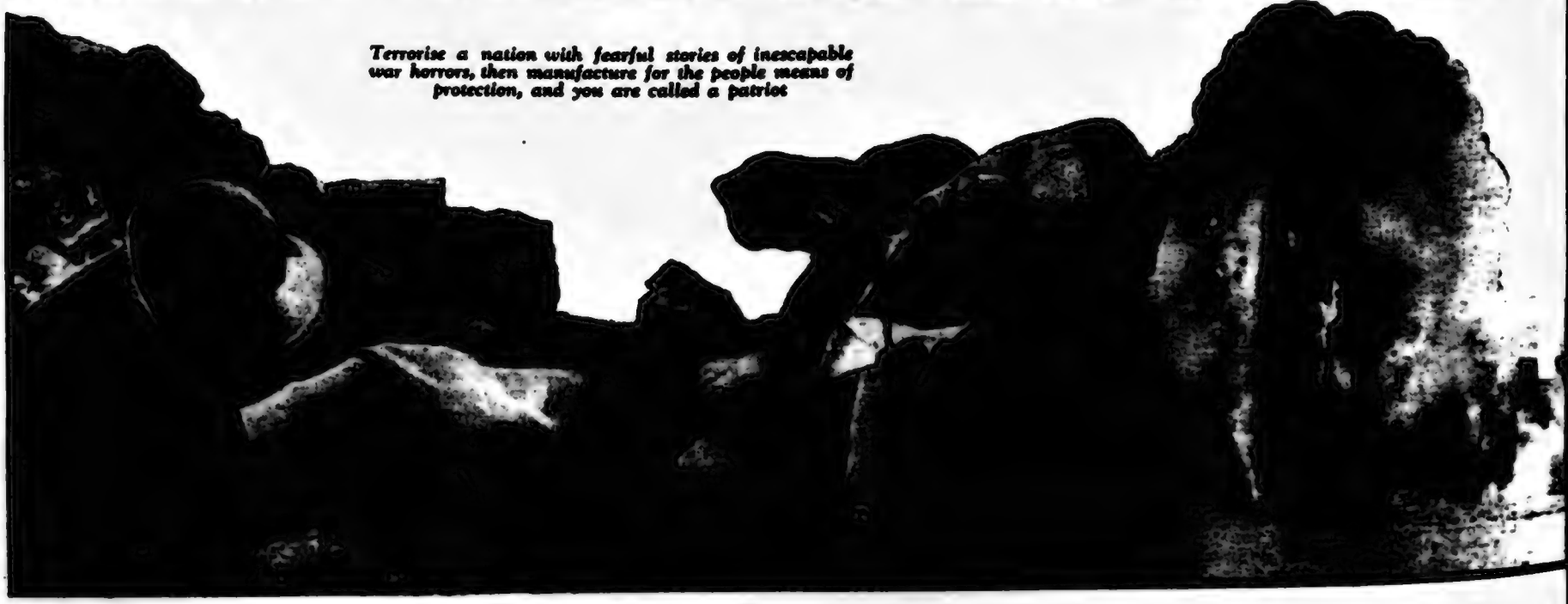
With trouble-makers everywhere in power, business is booming for the arms firms. Even in our own modest way the profits of a dozen firms connected with the industry in this country have gone up, according to statements made in the House of Commons recently, by over 300 per cent. in less than three years.

And with trouble-makers in power you get an enormous help to "scare tactics," which in turn help the business further along.

★ IN the last year or two we have had, to quote only a few examples, the death ray—which wiped out a field of sheep at half a mile, and so must, of course, destroy a battalion at a few hundred yards; the amphibian tank—which, crossing streams and rivers, is going to clean up your G.H.Q. before the troops have got into the front line; the silent robot night bomber—which, with no hand at the controls and no engine noise, will come over and reduce cities to ashes.

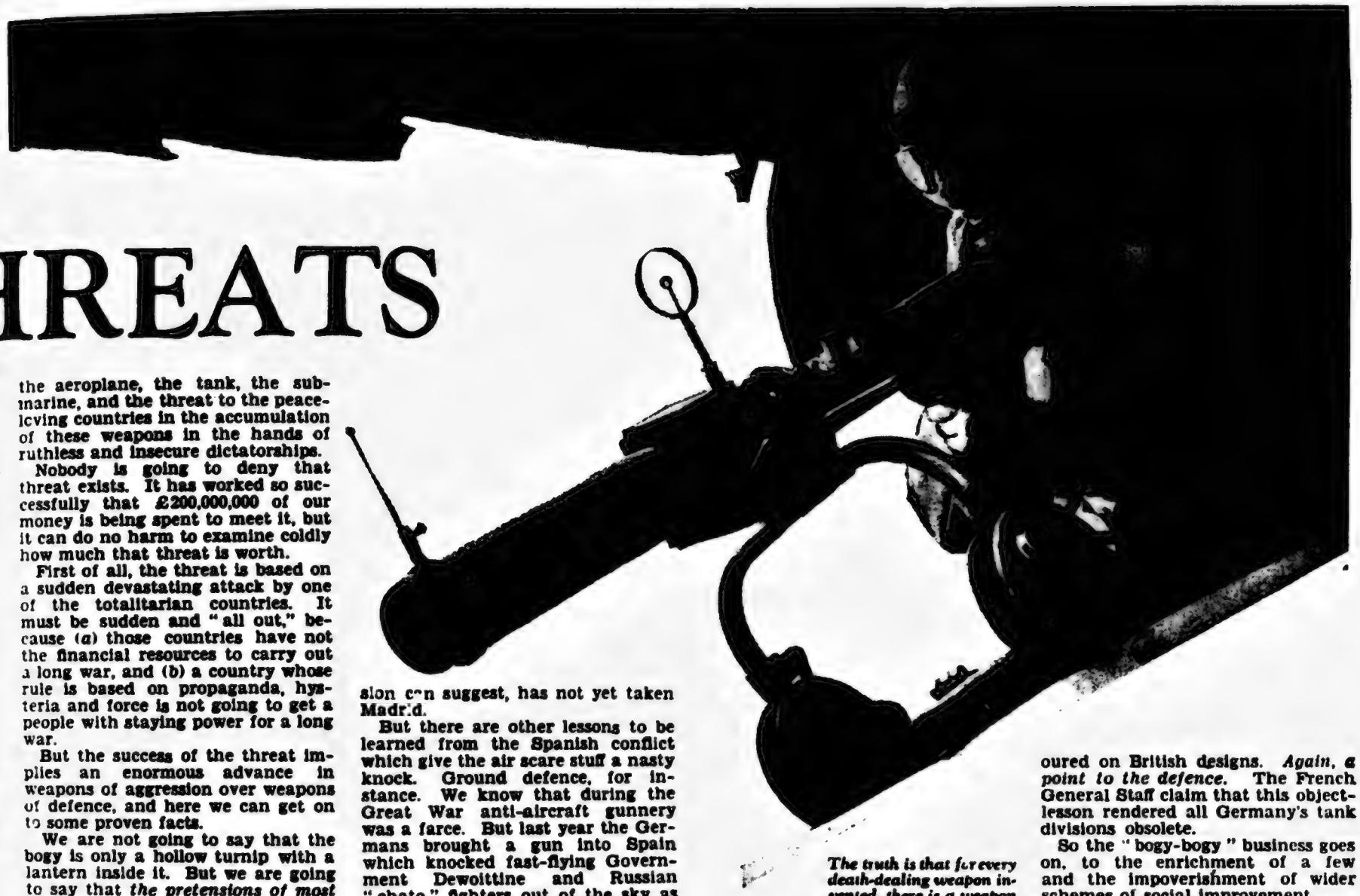
In addition, we have had such trifles mentioned as plagues of bacilli, deadly new gases and chemical sprays—including a new one called acetyl-choline, which makes everybody fall paralysed—invisible rays which shut off aeroplane motors and, latest of all, geo-mimicry, a system of smoke screens with which you simulate a false landscape, so that an aeroplane, arriving over Berlin, for example, will think it is in Poland, or Russia, or anywhere except Berlin.

And then there is the continual stress laid on improvements in the known offensive war appliances like



*Terrorise a nation with fearful stories of inescapable war horrors, then manufacture for the people means of protection, and you are called a patriot*

# THREATS



*The truth is that for every death-dealing weapon invented, there is a weapon to fight it with, in defence*

the aeroplane, the tank, the submarine, and the threat to the peace-loving countries in the accumulation of these weapons in the hands of ruthless and insecure dictatorships.

Nobody is going to deny that threat exists. It has worked so successfully that £200,000,000 of our money is being spent to meet it, but it can do no harm to examine coldly how much that threat is worth.

First of all, the threat is based on a sudden devastating attack by one of the totalitarian countries. It must be sudden and "all out," because (*a*) those countries have not the financial resources to carry out a long war, and (*b*) a country whose rule is based on propaganda, hysteria and force is not going to get a people with staying power for a long war.

But the success of the threat implies an enormous advance in weapons of aggression over weapons of defence, and here we can get on to some proven facts.

We are not going to say that the bogy is only a hollow turnip with a lantern inside it. But we are going to say that *the pretensions of most of these frightful weapons of aggression are somewhat hollow.*

And to prove our point, we need not look any further than Spain, where the newest weapons of war have been given a good testing out against human beings.

★ LET us take first the aeroplane. We have been told how London could be wiped out in a night by mass air attacks using high explosives and particularly thermite, or incendiary bombs. Well, there have been scores and scores of air bombardments of Madrid by the latest type of German and Italian bombers.

In one attack over 200 machines took part and hundreds of incendiary bombs made of this terrifying stuff, thermite, which is supposed to melt stone and even asbestos, were dropped all over the place. But most of the stone houses of Madrid are still standing, and after the first week or so people ceased to bother about air-raid warnings.

The picture palaces and cafés were open as usual. No sign there of the Douhet theory destroying the people's "will to war." Franco, after more than a year of support from 300-mile-an-hour bombers, manned by German and Italian service pilots and backed by everything aggression can suggest, has not yet taken Madrid.

But there are other lessons to be learned from the Spanish conflict which give the air scare stuff a nasty knock. Ground defence, for instance. We know that during the Great War anti-aircraft gunnery was a farce. But last year the Germans brought a gun into Spain which knocked fast-flying Government Dewoittine and Russian "chato" fighters out of the sky as easy as pigeons.

The Germans and Italians have been using Spain as a testing ground for new equipment as much as helping General Franco. But that gun told everybody something. It is a Swedish gun made by the firm of Bofors.

Firing an 88-millimetre shell, it is deadly accurate up to 30,000 feet. To get out of its range bombers would have to go too high for any accuracy. Few bombers have a "ceiling" as high as this, anyway. The Bofors gun, too, has a great range of fire and is extremely mobile. It can be rushed from point to point at 40 miles an hour, and can be mounted in firing rig within five minutes.

The net result of the German test-out in Spain is that Britain has bought up the entire output of the Bofors factory for three years to come. It is claimed for this gun that within its range it will bring down five aeroplanes for every one which can be downed by direct aerial combat.

It swings the balance enormously over to the defence side. Aeroplanes can be released for counter-attack in an enemy country instead of being claimed for defence.

There are other items disclosed on the defence side. The great advance which has been made, for instance, in accurate location of raiding planes and fire direction upon them.

Both sides have been using "invisible searchlights" — a detector which picks up the position of aeroplanes by the infra-red or heat rays sent out from the engines. A bomber can come over in pitch darkness and above cloud, but this machine, with its thermo-couple device, sensitive enough to detect the heat of a candle five miles away, will pick it out.

Besides this, the Italians and the Russians have been using automatic rangefinders and "predictors" coupled to the detectors, and the whole electrically coupled to the guns. As soon as the detector is "on" to a target, the rangefinder gets the range and passes it over to the robot mathematician called the predictor.

This marvellous instrument, given the height, speed, wind-drift and a lot of other set factors like wind direction and temperature, works out an involved sum in about ten seconds. The answer is the elevation and quadrant of the gun so that the shell will reach the same spot in space as the travelling aeroplane. It lays the gun automatically and even sets the shell fuse.

This automatic fire direction destroys yet another advantage of the modern raiding aeroplane which has frightened us all—its great speed. Three hundred miles an hour, five miles a minute, would baffle the old-style gunnery, but not these new units.

What are the other bogies of the aggressor? There is the modern tank, for instance, with its ground-covering capacity and its supposed power to annihilate battalions of infantrymen. But the fiasco at Guadalajara showed up General Tank. An entire Italian division using German and Italian tanks, forced to deploy off a road, became bogged and muddled, and were bombed to pieces by the Spanish Government's aeroplanes.

It is said that the German Staff was utterly disappointed with the performance of its famous light tanks, of which it had four divisions.

These tanks were made bonfires by Government troops armed with nothing more potent than flaming petrol bottles. Others were shot to pieces by heavy machine-gun fire.

At the same time, the Germans tried out a new 37-millimetre anti-tank gun which made mincemeat of heavy Russian tanks built and armoured on British designs. *Again, a point to the defence.* The French General Staff claim that this object-lesson rendered all Germany's tank divisions obsolete.

So the "bogy-bogy" business goes on, to the enrichment of a few and the impoverishment of wider schemes of social improvement.

We need deal only briefly with other specific items in the scare tactics armoury.

There is the "deadly new gas," for instance, of which we hear almost every day. According to the best expert chemical authorities, there are no new war gases discovered since the last war. Mustard gas is still the most effective from the aggressors' point of view, and not long ago it was worked out that it would need 37,375 attacks by ton bombers to force the evacuation of New York with mustard gas. London is bigger than New York; so are Paris and Berlin. But in all these countries the public has been stampeded into paying millions for anti-gas defence.

★ THERE is the microbe war. In a recent article in *Deutsche Wehr*, a German General Staff publication, the possibilities and the methods of sowing disease germs in an enemy country were seriously discussed. But all leading bacteriologists are agreed in debunking the idea from a practical point of view.

Disease germs are a two-edged weapon liable to hit back on the side which uses it. Cholera and smallpox, for instance, know no frontiers.

We could go on giving scores of other scare tactics which hit the headlines.

But these instances are enough.

While you have the private manufacture of armaments, while there is a profit to be made out of funk and panic and none out of a calm and peaceable world, you will have war scares and flesh-creeping stories.

They are sown about the world like those fabled dragons' teeth, of which it was said that where each one falls there springs up an armed man. And the way to end them is to end the private arms racket, which makes dragons' teeth as well as sells bullets.

*He's off to pay his chimney-tax with a couple of hens—that's how they do it in Sark! Left, the working classes of the Channel Islands are subjected to amazing tyrannies. There are many antiquated laws, and in one island divorce is barred, no matter what the grounds*

# England's *Incredible* ISLANDS

YOU may just have returned from a holiday in England's Incredible Isles and yet have not the faintest idea of the shameful conditions which flourish there.

To hundreds of thousands of visitors the Channel Islands mean delightful beaches, caves brilliant with sea anemones, semi-tropical flowers which grow the whole year round, picturesque towns, a kindly people who talk the soft Norman-French dialect.

But the ninety thousand inhabitants can describe a grimmer picture. Laws which have remained unchanged since feudal times. A serfdom which exists in form, if not in name. Evils and abuses that would never be tolerated in the United Kingdom, an utter absence of the social services and safeguards which most of us regard as essential.

The holiday-maker hears none of these things. The Islands' affairs rarely figure in English newspapers, nor are they the business of our M.P.s. So Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, though but a few hours' journey from the mainland, are allowed to remain centuries remote in life and custom.

Even Jersey, which must be given pride of place for size and population, lags far behind in terms of civilisation.

*Les droits de Seigneur* still besmirch its Statute book; which means that a gentleman is still entitled to spend the bridal night with any woman who happens to be the daughter of one of his tenants.

*Though that particular infamy is no longer enforced, it is a fair example of the laws by which Jersey citizens are tyrannised.*

FOR the payment of a nominal sum of money, a man can have his debtor thrown into the town jail.

More than that. Should the debtor still fail to pay, the creditor has power to demand a court order for him to be put on half-rations.

In this way the cost of maintaining the prisoner is reduced by half until such time as his friends can raise enough money to settle his obligations and secure his freedom.

This system is actually in operation to-day!

And the existence of such preposterous legal relics is little more serious than the lack of social legislation.

*There is no Employers' Liability Act. No National Health Insurance scheme. No provision for Old-Age Pensions. Nothing, in short, that conforms to modern standards of justice and equality.*

True, time does not actually stand still in the Channel Islands. It may in many respects seem seven or eight centuries slow, but efforts are occasionally made to increase its limpet's progress.

Thus, last year, Jersey obtained a right which the untouchable Indian and illiterate Hottentot have long enjoyed—the right of appeal in criminal cases.

Of course, the exponents of hide-bound tradition did not yield without a struggle.

More than a hundred law books were produced to persuade the Privy Council that it had no authority to listen to any appeal against the decision of a Channel Islands' court. The Privy Council, fortunately, refused to be persuaded that a Jersey householder is of less account than a jungle savage.

GUERNSEY, too, must be credited with planning a startling reform. It is thinking of outlawing public executions, though the last one actually took place sixty years ago.

Of far greater importance to the public is its proposed divorce Bill. At present, divorce is not permissible; unhappy husbands and wives can obtain no better redress than legal separation, *a situation that has inevitably encouraged illicit relationships.*

Now Guernsey is about to approve a law which will surpass Mr. A. P. Herbert's victory at Westminster. Divorce will be granted not only for adultery, persistent cruelty, insanity or three years' desertion, but also in cases of habitual drunkenness, imprisonment for more than fifteen years, and so on.

Yet the island of Sark will not be allowed to share this reform, for its rulers have decreed that Sark needs no divorce facilities.

It is in the antiquated laws of the various islands, moreover, that lie the reasons for the industrial hardships which are so common. Trade unions, however much they may have tried, are powerless. They are always beaten by the elementary system of dealing with unemployment, which is simply to make the workless chargeable to the local parish.

See what happens: An employer applies to the Constable for labour. The Constable, who is, in effect, the mayor, and is elected for a period of years, supplies such men as are drawing parish relief.

This occurred recently, when Jersey dockers, mostly casual labour, struck for an increase in the hourly rate of pay when unloading cement boats.

Anyone with the slightest knowledge of cement in paper bags knows that casual labour suffers considerably in this work. It is no uncommon thing for men to report next day to the hospital with burnt backs.

It is conceivable, therefore, that the dockers' grievance was worthy of consideration. But the strike was completely broken by labour supplied by the authorities.

Wages are often disgracefully low. There are cases in Guernsey of youths being paid the princely wage of 5½d. an hour for doing a man's work in a factory.

In Jersey, a married man is likely to be told that he must work for much less than he would receive in Britain. The excuse is laid upon one of the island's proudest advantages—the 6d. in the £ income tax—and it is of no avail for him to point out that his wages are too small to be taxable.

Again, the only form of compulsory insurance in Jersey is the State Accident Insurance Fund, which merely covers employees while they are actually at work, and to which they contribute a penny a week. In the event of a worker's death, it allows the next-of-kin the magnificent consolation of £15.

But if wages are low and industrial

(Continued on page 28)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"I like it!"
It's mine! It's my pet confection. It's fine as a young complexion! It's as nice as nice, it's a wholesome slice of life. It's the cream of the cream, a meadow-sweet dream, it's the farmer's wife! It's right as a good intention. Delight with a special mention! It's the kind of thing there's no answering—it's fate! There's no resisting Nestlé's Chocolate.
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CAN'T eat, can't sleep .. constantly "on edge" .. irritable over little things . . . suffering the miseries of indigestion and constipation—these are all results of "nerves" and lack of a valuable "*nerve-nourishing*" vitamin in your diet—Tonic Vitamin B.

Quaker Oats supplies Tonic Vitamin B in just the right form—in a breakfast of tempting hot creamy porridge. Children as well as grown-ups need to guard against "nerves" in all their unpleasant forms, with plenty of Vitamin B. They need a fresh supply *every day*, for this vitamin cannot be stored in the system. And in delicious Quaker Oats for breakfast they get Vitamin B in the nicest way.

THEY'RE BRINGING UP THE "QUINS" ON QUAKER!

Those marvellous little girls, the Dionne "Quins," now pictures of health at 3 years of age, have had Quaker Oats *every day* since before they were 12 months old.

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*Milton Denture Powder is the most efficient denture powder science can offer to date. It cleans false teeth in 30 minutes. Removes all stains and food particles. Surgically cleanses every nook and cranny. Makes the plate really comfortable.*

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6 | 19

# Continuing—England's Incredible Islands

*The Royal Court at Guernsey. Dwellers on the mainland would be staggered at some of the strange dramas enacted within its walls*

# Paradise for TRICKSTERS

legislation practically non-existent, rents are high.

It is nothing unusual for a man earning £2 a week to have to pay 15s. for two rooms, while in some cases it is found that half the worker's wages go in rent for a hovel.

A hovel? To holiday-makers who saw during their visit this summer only the attractions of the Channel Islands, whose memories are of sands washed by blue seas, bays and coves, and a fertile countryside, the word may come as a shock.

And a leading Jersey newspaper shocked the wealthier inhabitants last year when it deplored "disease-ridden back alleys and foul-smelling lanes."

Now, JOHN BULL has no wish to appear unduly censorious. It has expressly refrained from publishing this article before lest it should be accused of damaging the Islands' holiday season. Neither does it suggest that, in order to effect much-needed reforms, they should be shorn of their independence and made subservient to Whitehall.

BUT there are some laws which serve the inhabitants very well. One, which if adopted by Britain would probably cause a few of our business magnates to flee to a mental home, deserves to be copied elsewhere.

Each parish has the theoretical right to issue its own currency. The banks dare not restrict credit for fear that traders might induce the parish council to issue its own currency notes.

When St. Peter Port, the principal town of Guernsey, wanted a new municipal market it applied to the banks for a loan. Then, deciding that the interest charges were too high, it cold-shouldered the banks and printed its own money.

The market was built by direct labour, the men being paid with the parish notes. These, of course, were cancelled when they came back to the public treasury by way of tax payments and the like. So now St. Peter Port has a fine market, without a penny in debt charges.

To understand why such oddities and numerous scandals are possible, it is necessary to remember that the Channel Islands are the only surviving domains of the old Dukedom of Normandy from which William the Conqueror sallied out to defeat King Harold at Hastings.

They can reject such Acts of the British Parliament as they choose. Subject to the assent of the King, as Duke of Normandy, their own Parliaments can introduce whatever legislation they please.

Edward III, in 1931, agreed that they should never be subject to English taxation. To-day, as a result, the Islands boast a smaller income-tax than any other part of the Empire, and no death duties at all.

Actually, Edward III agreed to no fewer than seventeen concessions (and most of them remain in force), which were incorporated into the old feudal law of Normandy.

So long as every Islander was either a landowner or a landworker, the system was not too bad. But with the rise of the clever, unscrupulous merchant its defects became plain.

Jersey, for example, is becoming the happy hunting-ground of the shady business men who, trading under the laws of feudalism, are enabled to embark on many kinds of exploitation which would not be tolerated in the United Kingdom.

*Hooch merchants find it a paradise. Whisky straight from the still, "loaded" with fusel oil, may be sold without fear or hindrance to a deluded public.*

Jersey is justly proud of the integrity of its business men, but the fact remains that the antiquity of the law and Constitution leaves ample scope for outsiders with little scruples and who are only concerned with achieving their own ends.

It is also true that many of the scandals which flourish in Jersey are not practised in Guernsey, and *vice versa*. Each has its own Constitution, each a different law; each has different needs for reform.

LOOK a little closer at the legislative system.

Jersey is divided into twelve parishes of the Church of England. Each rector has a seat by right in the Island's Parliament, commonly known as the Deliberative States.

*In a population largely made up of Nonconformists and Catholics, this is a serious flaw which has been going on for four hundred years!*

Twelve Constables (or mayors) also have seats in the States. So have twelve Jurats, who, appointed for life with the assent of the King, were originally leading Seigneurs. To-day, almost without exception, they are twelve prominent business men—an absurdity which hardly requires stressing.

Finally, there are seventeen Deputies. Eleven are elected from the country parishes, six from St. Helier, the chief town.

St. Helier has a population of 27,000, and the rest of the Island, with its eleven country parishes, only 23,000. At the best, St. Helier — the business community, the heart of the Island's ever-growing hotel and entertainment industry—can count on only nine votes, against a country vote of forty-four.

Over and over again in recent years the farmers and rectors have passed, in face of the townspeople, laws so absurd as to be incomprehensible.

In this year of grace a law has been passed to make it illegal to sell ice-cream on the beaches on Sundays. Another, made last year, makes it impossible for a cup of coffee or a bun to be sold to night workers after 1 a.m.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, the people of the Islands are more amused than exasperated by the queer workings of their official system. No wonder!

*A few months ago it was discovered that, for the past two years, prisoners had been walking out of Guernsey's jail at night to post their letters, go home, or spend a few hours at a local dance.*

In the morning, before the warders stirred, these "latch-key jailbirds" slipped back to the prison to lock themselves in their cells.

Nor was Guernsey's laughter less subdued when it transpired that this ruse was made possible because one prisoner was never locked up, so that he could serve the warders with an early morning cup of tea!

AFTER this duty, he was trustfully given the jail keys to polish, so that it was easy for him to take impressions of them in soap and prepare duplicates.

But the Islanders would prefer less fun of this sort and not so many of the vexations—social, political and commercial—under which they have laboured for so long.

How then can these abuses be dealt with and the scope for them restricted?

There is only one remedy. Early in Queen Victoria's reign, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the Jersey Constitution.

That was long before the growing of potatoes, tomatoes, and the general industrialisation of the Island took real root. Times have changed. Much of the population has become nothing but the pawns of a few industrialists.

The British Government should at once appoint a further Royal Commission, lest these, the oldest subjects of the Crown, sink into a twentieth-century slavery.

All the facts point to the necessity for Channel Islanders to be knit more closely to the nation of which they are a part. For them to enjoy the benefits of social legislation founded on twentieth-century ideas, and not suffer the burden of having their lives regulated by modes of government mouldy with dust of centuries.

## "Greatest of These"

FOR the last four years ten-year-old Colin's dad has been in a sanatorium. He writes, "I am an ex-Service man with a bullet in my lung close to my heart, and it has turned to T.B. I have not been able to do any work since 1930. But that is not the worst of my trouble. I am married, with two children, and when everything is paid, my wife and children have fifteen shillings on which to live and clothe themselves.

"My wife has been under the doctor for two years. She has had three operations in that time, and the last one was so bad that she will not be able to work again. Through this trouble my wife has got into a lot of debt which could not be helped. A lot of our furniture that we have treasured through our married life has had to be sold to keep things going.

Colin has a sister aged thirteen. Their poor father bears a good character, and their mother's late employer where she worked until she had to enter hospital for an internal operation, says: "We have valued her help very much as we have always found her most capable, conscientious and obliging. She is particularly deserving of help."

It is hardly necessary to add that we shall be very grateful for donations earmarked "Colin," which, as also in the case of donations for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

The demand for

**CAPSTAN**

increases daily

—say

**W.D. & H.O. WILLS**

"and THAT's what's all this 'urry!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES. 10 FOR 6D. 20 FOR 11½D.

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# NATURE says

# 'CHEW'

IT'S no use telling a schoolboy not to chew his pen—for chewing is a natural instinct in every one of us. Provide him, instead, with something really good to chew. Give him Wrigley's : it's simply the modern scientific provision for this instinct that's older than mankind. In Nature's own way, Wrigley's makes the teeth grow strong and even, and cleans them after eating. It freshens the mouth, helps digestion, and steadies the nerves at work or play. Be wise, then, in your generation and let the whole family chew Wrigley's.

# chew WRIGLEY'S

HUSBAND'S KIND WORDS HURT WIFE
she had rough HOUSEWORK HANDS
MUMMY, WHY DO YOUR HANDS FEEL SO ROUGH?
MUMMY CAN'T STAY YOUNG FOR EVER, YOU KNOW, BETTY
NEXT DAY
MY HANDS MAKE ME LOOK SO OLD. I DO WISH
WHY DON'T YOU TRY 'VASELINE' JELLY, JEAN? JUST SMOOTH ON A LITTLE EVERY NIGHT
3 WEEKS LATER
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, JEAN? YOUR HANDS ARE LOVELY LIKE THEY WERE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED

**Shopgirls' hands need this protection, too**

Do you know that shopwork and hard work dries the natural oils out of your skin? "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces these oils and keeps your hands always beautifully smooth and soft.

Just a little, last thing at night, will make your hands really lovely to look at. You'll never know what it is to have rough hands. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes.

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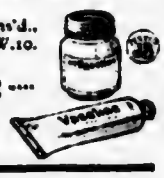

**Vaseline** Petroleum Jelly **every day**

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**You can forget your feet**

*if you remember*

**Reckitt's Pine Cubes**

**A Reckitt's Pine Cube dissolved in a bowl of warm water soon takes the pain and inflammation from hot and weary feet.**

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON


# BEWARE . .

# NOISE *Limit* AHEAD

**IN a few weeks deputations will call on the Minister of Health and the Minister for Air. Their object will be Noise Abatement.**

This is the latest move in the nation-wide campaign led by Lord Horder against noise, a subject which has lately assumed such importance that it headed the agenda at the meetings of the British Association

Noise has been cursed as a nuisance ever since the Romans complained bitterly about the "roaring forum." But it is only within the past few years that it has come to be recognised as a menace to health almost as powerful as disease.

Recognition of its danger has been brought about by the scientific study of noise.

At the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington it can now be decomposed, analysed and accurately measured, and research workers have determined its effects on health and efficiency in industry. As a result of their work there will soon be a new and welcome limit which citizens will have to obey—the Noise Limit.

ALREADY there are noise-meters as accurate as speedometers, and before long readings from them will probably be accepted as evidence in police-court prosecutions against offenders exceeding the noise limit.

Research carried out with the help of these noise-meters has made it possible to ascertain the exact limit beyond which noise becomes a nuisance to the ordinary healthy individual and a menace to the invalid. This limit is fifty decibels, the new unit of noise, and it corresponds approximately to the sound of normal conversation between several people in a room.

The hum of London's traffic in a main thoroughfare exceeds sixty decibels, and at busy crossings it is more than eighty. The shattering inferno produced by pneumatic drills is fifty over the limit.

*When the fifty decibel limit receives official recognition, the first offenders to appear before the magistrates will be the local authorities who permit the use of these pneumatic drills which are not merely a nuisance but a danger.*

The continued use of these hell-raising implements is a scandalous example of municipal apathy and disregard both for ratepayers and workers.

THERE are several types of silent drills on the market which are just as efficient as those which now shatter people's nerves and ruin the health of those who operate them. It is significant that the Westminster Borough Council was the first to adopt silent drills, and has been using them for the past four years.

There is only one noise louder than that of a battery of drills, and that is the scream of an airplane propeller. The piercing shriek produced by the propeller tip cutting through the air is the loudest continuous noise known, and it can make a sensitive person physically sick.

Until Lord Horder brought his authority and great personal prestige to bear on the question of the ill-effects of noise on health some old die-hards of the medical profession argued that people became accustomed to noise and therefore suffered no injurious effects from it.

*The noisy old and the silent new. The new, on the right, is just as efficient as the old, whose shattering inferno is a positive menace*

Scientific investigation has completely disproved this argument, demonstrating not only that it is injurious but why.

*Strident, unexpected noises like a sudden backfire, the roar of an open exhaust or the shriek of a mechanical horn, provoke fear.*

Though we may not admit even to ourselves any sensation of fright, the fact that we have been frightened is revealed by our involuntary start.

So long as we are in good health we may even be able to control that start, but we use up a lot of nervous energy in doing so, and this produces fatigue. When we are tired or ill and our vitality is low, the sensation of fear is translated into aggressiveness, which becomes apparent in jumpiness or irritability.

Every woman knows that after a tiring day the noise made by the children can sometimes become almost unbearable, though at other times she may be hardly aware of it.

Doctors who have studied the effect of noise on the sick state that in cases of pneumonia or early convalescence after an operation the backfiring of a car or the shriek of a motor-horn is sufficient to occasion a fatal relapse.

RECENT tests in special chambers equipped with noise-producing apparatus and noise-meters have enabled investigators to measure the amount of energy a normal person wastes in overcoming his natural sub-conscious fear-reactions to noise.

For a number of weeks two men and two women typists worked in these chambers under varying conditions of noise. Their speed and the number of mistakes were checked, and the amount of energy expended was measured by analysis of the air which they exhaled.

It was found that as early as ten minutes after they had started work their energy expenditure increased while their output fell. Reduction of noise produced an increase of 7½ per cent. in speed and a saving of 20 per cent. in energy.

Some remarkable experiments carried out with rats show that even these hardy voracious rodents suffer ill-effects from noise.

A number of rats reared in an atmosphere of noise such as we put up with in the streets had a food consumption five per cent. less, and a rate of growth ten per cent. less than rats reared under normally quiet conditions.

It must not, however, be thought that all sound is bad or that doctors advocate a completely silent world.

The background hum of a big city produces no ill-effects on the town dweller, and rhythmic sound is actually stimulating. Troops can march further and with less fatigue to the sound of a good band than without one.

That familiar saying about being "carried away" by music is not just illusion but scientific fact.

You have probably been amazed at some time or other to see an old couple start waltzing tirelessly to the strains of an old tune that perhaps recalled happy memories.

Without the music they would be physically incapable of covering half as much ground at half that speed.

BUILDERS and architects have recently evolved numerous methods and materials for deadening sound inside buildings, and by using special sound-absorbing paints and plaster they can now make a hospital ward so sound absorbent that even ordinary speech is deadened to a whisper.

Houses, too, can be made almost noise-proof, but as with many other amenities the noise-proof house is the prerogative of the wealthy.

Those most in need of quiet can seldom escape noise even in their own homes, for many modern working-class houses and so-called "model" dwellings are nothing less than sound-boxes in which noises from inside and out are multiplied.

That is why there is a growing demand for legislation to stop such needless and harmful noises as are produced at nights by the revving sports cars or what Lord Horder calls "the young gentlemen with Marcel waves."


**SIMPLE HOME RECIPE CURES CATARRH**

To bring relief and speedy cure of catarrh head noises, catarrhal deafness, sore throat or any type of cold, there is nothing so effective as this simple recipe, which, by the way, is approved by the highest medical authorities and works so quickly you can feel it doing you good.

Get from your chemist one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take it home and mix it with half a pint of hot water and one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey. It gives you a large bottle of the most powerful and efficacious medicine and one that's so pleasant even kiddies like it.

The first dose of this Parmint syrup stops all distressing head noise. Stuffed up nostrils clear. Breathing gets easier. Coughing ceases. Infection dies.

This Parmint preparation is easy to make and costs little for such a big bottle of so effective a medicine. If you haven't time to make up the syrup take half a teaspoonful of the neat Parmint in a little water. Cut this paragraph out to remind you to get some Parmint. Everyone liable to colds and catarrh ought to give it a trial.

# ROBIN *Starch*

## *lends wings to your iron*

Don't think of Robin as ordinary starch. It's much more than that. Robin is a prescription for Easy starching—compounded ready for use. Easy to mix—with never a lump in its fine, smooth powder that takes to water naturally. Easy to use—with nothing to add when you want a gloss. Easy to iron—for irons glide on Robin, never showing a tendency to stick. Easy from start to finish—and what a finish this easy Robin gives!

**FREE PATTERN BOOK,** *illustrating Patterns and Embroidery Transfers will be sent post free if you apply on a postcard to Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., Department* **264,** *Hull, mentioning "Notions for your Needle, 1937."*

IT'S SO EASY WITH ROBIN STARCH

# *The best bargain..*

. . is a garment that lasts. Buy a better quality Lybro overall, and long wear will prove where real value exists.

Lybro OVERALLS

In case of difficulty write to Wearwear Ltd., Liverpool.

# A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF KITCHEN FURNITURE

## Yet it's just done a full day's wringing and mangling

"and done it easily too. An ACME wringer makes light even of my load of washing. Oh yes, it's ready for action in half a minute—just watch—*and* I don't have to ask anyone to help!!!"

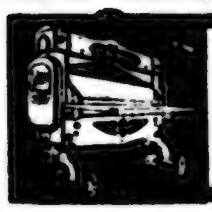
Here in one compact Cabinet are four things without which no Kitchen can be really efficient. First, The ACME Wringer—taking all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Second, complete facilities that centralize all your washday duties. Third, a firm, steady mangling and ironing table, standing solid on any floor. Finally, a sparkling white porcelain enamelled Kitchen table. The Cabinet is opened ready for action in twenty seconds and is available in four alternative finishes—blue mottle, green mottle, grey mottle and oak finish.

*The ACME 'Cabinet' is covered by a generous 10 years free replacement guarantee and is obtainable from all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores.*

84- **ACME** 10

**CABINET**

**WRINGER - MANGLE**



**IF YOU ARE SHORT OF SPACE** choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Portable'* at 43/- for the 16" size or 39/- for the 14" size. For literature giving details of all three ACMES write for booklet 24A to ACME Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E.

CVS/18

# WHY SOME CHILDREN CATCH COLDS AND OTHERS DON'T

***Most children are given a cod liver oil tonic in winter, as a protection against colds, chilblains and loss of weight. Why is it, then, that some children get far more protection from their cod liver oil tonic than other children?***

NEARLY every careful mother gives her children a cod liver oil tonic during the winter, to build them up and protect them against winter colds and epidemics.

Then why does it happen that, although some children become completely protected against colds, others still keep on catching cold after cold?

A famous Medical Research Body gives the answer to this problem, and the answer is simply this: *cod liver oil can do your child no good unless he digests it properly.*

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "can children wholly digest it, and get all the body-building goodness they need."

**FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION**

1 **Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for your child to digest. Most of it passes straight through the child's system and is wasted.**

2 **Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most digestible form of cod liver oil. Within 30 minutes after taking a spoonful, every drop has gone to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.**

3 **Scotts Brand Emulsion *helps* your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.**

4 **Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help in building up your child's bones and teeth.**

Next time you are buying cod liver oil for your child, remember these four important facts about Scotts Brand Emulsion—they make all the difference to your child's health.

***"My boy is as strong as his cousin now"***

"I USED to wonder why my sister's boy was much stronger and freer from colds than my Peter," writes a St. Albans mother.

"Both boys were given cod liver oil tonics regularly, of course. But my sister was wiser than I—she gave her boy Scotts Brand Emulsion. It was only after I followed her example and changed my boy over to Scotts Brand Emulsion, too, that Peter also became really free from colds and epidemics."

**If your child is at all liable to colds or epidemics, if he's not gaining weight as he should, or if he becomes easily tired, then follow this mother's example—start giving your child Scotts Brand Emulsion today!**


# Nightmare Mountain

*I was drenched to the skin and bruised all over through stumbling headlong over boulders*

*Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 68001, Mr. D. S. Knowles, 98b, Fordwich Road, London, N.W.2.*

I SUPPOSE that a mountaineer more or less seeks adventure in his sport, but when I was a boy, still in my 'teens, I once got rather more of a thrill than I bargained for.

In those days I lived in Scotland, within striking distance of the Highlands, and at week-ends I used to go up into Argyllshire and climb the peaks, many of which reach an altitude of over 4,000 feet.

One night in May I was lying in bed at home in Glasgow when the wanderlust came over me. It was just after midnight, and the rest of the family were all in bed and asleep.

I was a romantic youth in those days, given to doing all kinds of extraordinary things for the sake of "experience," and it suddenly struck me how thrilling it would be to climb one of the Argyllshire peaks alone in the early hours and watch dawn breaking from the mountain top.

So I got up quietly, and within half an hour had left the house without disturbing anybody. I remember with what trepidation I tip-toed past my parents' bedroom, careful not to make a sound; how I prayed that the pantry door would not creak when I went to open it to put some grub in my haversack.

But nobody stirred, and leaving a note on the breakfast table to say that I had gone for an all-night walk and would be back about noon, I got my bicycle from the shed and was on my way.

It was about thirty miles by road to the peaks that surround Loch Lomond, and by three in the morning I had arrived at the little village of Rowardennan, which nestles on the side of the loch at the foot of Ben Lomond.

■ ■ ■

It was a fine night, and the air was wonderfully still, the only sound being the quiet rippling of the waves plashing over the pebbles at the loch's side. No lamp glowed in any of the windows of the few crofters' cottages; all were asleep after a hard day's shepherding on the moors.

The mountains there rise sheer from the water's edge, and I could just discern the rugged outline of Ben Lomond looming up above me against the deep, starlit sky.

I soon found the dried-up stream bed which one follows for about the first fifteen hundred feet. Picking my way carefully over the boulders, I encountered one or two adders. Further up I startled a deer, which leapt up from the bracken only a few feet away from me and sped down the mountain side with wonderful grace and rapidity.

I was then nearly half-way up the mountain. The strange sounds that one hears at night—the creaking of branches swayed by the wind; the heavy breathing of drowsy cattle; the eerie, almost human cough of sheep, did not startle me, for I was familiar with them.

Yet there was a very strange feeling in the air that night, an uncanny sense that something unusual was about to happen. A cold, indescribable expectancy seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

I turned in my steps. Far below me I could see the dark loch, lonely and deserted, shimmering beautifully in the dim starlight. For miles around me there was just a wild, rugged skyline of impressive, almost fearsome mountains, dimly discernable. And I was alone in my solitude.

But I continued to climb. I was nearing the lofty summit, trudging my way up the last, steep, precipitous shoulder. And finally I reached my goal.

It was cold up there, and a keen wind swept all round me. I sought the lee side of a great boulder, and waited, shivering, for the dawn to break.

Within half an hour it did. A grey-green streak appeared which silhouetted the rugged peaks across the loch. The air became more chilly, pregnant with some strange foreboding.

Gradually the faint light of morning crept over the loch far below; the tiny pier at Rowardennan looked like so many matchsticks; the crofters' cottages like little pebbles.

And then it was that terror really took hold of me. I had never experienced such a weird atmosphere. The air became deathly still, dank, and bitterly cold; patches of ground-mist crept like ghostly wraiths among the hillocks below; and the mountain streams plucked hollow notes as they plopped along on their insane way. The whole atmosphere was one of vapid insanity.

Then a thick mist fell, and began to envelop the mountain top. Quickly I made to get below it, for had I become lost in the mist I should probably have met with the tragic end that has befallen so many mountaineers on the Scottish peaks.

Scrambling down the mountain, and drenched to the skin, I had descended to about 2,000 ft., with the mist hanging just above my head, when the phenomenon occurred.

Suddenly the pale, amber sky turned to a deep, ominous crimson. The wind seemed to have gone stark, raving mad, whirling about fantastically in all directions.

And then, to my terror, all went as dark as night—pitch black.

I was horrified. I had watched daylight break with my own eyes. I had seen the sun rise. Yet now all was dark and chilly as the grave. I could not see a thing. But as I could feel the mist still falling, I groped my way down the mountainside to keep clear of its deathly clutches.

■ ■ ■

I began to wonder if I had gone mad.

Throughout the ages day had followed night with faithful regularity. Yet there was I, mad on a mad mountain, alone and abandoned, with one night barely over before another came swooping down on top of it.

It was fantastic, like a grotesque nightmare; only this was reality. I was chilled to the marrow, drenched to the skin, and bruised all over through stumbling headlong over boulders in my frantic haste to get down from these diabolical mountains.

How long it was before I reached the village I do not know. But by then, another day—only, as you will hear, the *same* day, broke again!

At the door of the hotel I was greeted by Donald, the old innkeeper—a tall, broad, rugged old Highlander, who knew me well.

"Man alive," he exclaimed, "what on earth's the matter wi' ye? Hae ye seen a ghost?"

I was white as a sheet, he said, and there were dark rings below my hollow eyes. I looked forlorn and bedraggled.

"Come in, lad, and hae some breakfast. Ye look as though ye need some rest."

■ ■ ■

I was too overcome and relieved to speak, and for a long time simply sat silently by the fire. Then Donald came in with some food for me.

While I began eating, he was standing astride with his back to the blazing fire smoking his old cherrywood pipe.

"Weel, lad," he said, "they tell me we'll no see the likes o' that again for anither twa or three hundred years."

I looked up. "The likes o' what?" I asked.

"Why, did ye no ken? There was a total eclipse o' the sun at six this morning. Knowin' the adventurous lad ye are, a thocht that was mebbe what had brocht ye here. But it's aw over noo. Ye should hae bin up the mountain twa 'oors ago."

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7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

*The Natural Laxative Food* 532


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*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.*


# DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£35

1ST PRIZE £15
2ND £5 3RD £3 4TH £2
TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

*A budding young poet of Kew*
*Wrote "My inspiration is you"*
*But the girl shook her head*
*And smilingly said*

Some Rhymes that will help:
*Blew, blue, chew, clue, crew, cue, due, drew, dew, few, glue, grew, hew, hue, knew, mew, new, pew, rue, screw, skew, strew, stue, accrue, eschew, imbue, pursue, retrue, review, subdue, retinue, purlieu.*

CONDITIONS.

The proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

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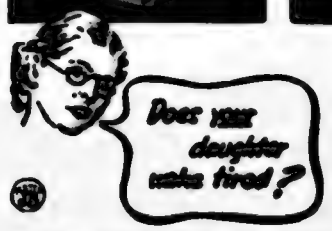
Where's my bouquet?
I'm so thrilled!
THINKS.
How I dread this. I look awful beside the others. My face so dull and tired. Tiredness!
What a lovely couple! ... and the bridesmaids, aren't they sweet. Pity Betty looks so dull—spoils it rather.
From a wedding comes a wedding, but not for Betty if you ask me!
NEXT MORNING
I don't want to see the wedding picture. I know I look dreadful!
Betty darling! what is the matter. You even looked tired these days. You ought to see a doctor!
AT THE DOCTORS
...this waking tired tells on your whole appearance. During sleep you burn up energy by breathing and other automatic actions. If this energy is not replaced—of course you wake tired. It's Night Starvation!
THAT EVENING NIGHT
TWO MONTHS LATER
Oh, mummy, I'm so thankful to you for helping me!


WAKING TIRED affects a girl in her appearance and personality. She never *looks* and never *feels* her best. She's unfairly handicapped. Give her Horlicks — a cupful regularly at night. She'll wake refreshed — full of energy and sparkle. Get Horlicks today. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixer 6d. and 1/-.

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**Would *You* Like a Tube of Toothpaste — Free?**

Readers who post the Coupon on page 36 can get a free sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Test its cleansing properties by accepting this trial offer. See page 36.



**ROYAL NAVY**

A Special Announcement concerning vacancies for men and boys in various branches of the Royal Navy appears on page 18. Splendid opportunities for promotion and a pension for life. Turn to page 18 NOW.

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The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

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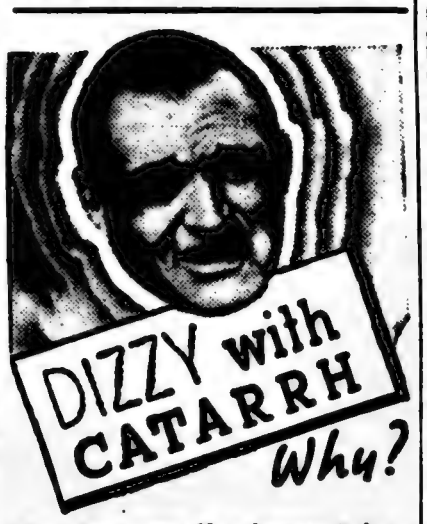


Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . It is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, "buses or where infection is present).

*Buy a handy 1/-d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1 4½d. post free from makers.*

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES


# BROADCASTS you Never Hear

THERE is a studio in Broadcasting House where many of the world's most celebrated writers, statesmen, diplomats, scientists and members of the Royal Family may go to the microphone and say exactly what they please.

But their talks never reach the British listener; every word is conveyed by trans-Atlantic cable under 3,000 miles of ocean to the New York radio headquarters, where it is relayed, within the American coast-to-coast network, to over a hundred sub-stations.

The American listening public, on tip-toe of curiosity in regard to European events, demands to be constantly fed with news reports and opinions by authoritative talkers.

The young men in this country who represent America's two principal wireless organisations (the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company) lead a life of desperate and frantic activity to obtain up-to-the-minute broadcasts by men and women in the news.

For ordinary broadcasts on English wavelengths all the wide and extensive resources of the B.B.C. are brought into play; but these representatives are alone responsible for arranging the talks sent across the Atlantic.

☆ The B.B.C. places only its microphones at their disposal, and the Post Office lends them landlines. The duty of getting suitable talkers for topical occasions and the presentation of English programmes in general, however, is their own job.

The B.B.C. has an American representative, Felix Greene, in New York. The service, therefore, becomes reciprocal; we take broadcasts from America under Felix Greene's supervision, while America takes broadcasts from the B.B.C. studios.

An intense rivalry naturally exists between the two principal American radio concerns, which differ from the English broadcasting method in being privately controlled. Consequently there are frequent attempts by each organisation to secure an exclusive talk by a particular notability in the news.

An interesting example of this kind of conflict was the occasion of Mr. Gandhi's first and only broadcast from England. Anticipating his arrival in 1931, one enterprising American representative in England obtained permission from the Secretary of State for India to send Mr. Gandhi's words across to America. He then secured the co-operation of the Post Office who reserved landlines, while a microphone was installed at the Kingsley Hall Settlement, Bow Road, E.

While this was being negotiated, his rival, who entertained identical designs on Mr. Gandhi, travelled across the Continent to meet his ship, and accompanied him on the last stages of the journey. His priority thus seemed cast-iron, and, indeed, Mr. Gandhi promised to broadcast for his organisation.

But it was realised, on Gandhi's arrival in London, that while one agent had secured his promise of a talk, on the other hand, the rival agent had made exclusive technical arrangements with the Post Office.

This deadlock and conflict bewildered Mr. Gandhi, who was unaware that American broadcasting is divided, and, since the separate achievements of both companies rendered them mutually indispensable, they agreed, after some persuasion from Mr. Gandhi, to share the "scoop."

☆ Broadcasts dealing with big national events are constantly going across to the United States. At Coronation time Americans heard a series of lively talks by various people who had some relevant place in the affair.

There were talks by dressmakers—Norman Hartnell, who designed the Abbey costumes; Beta, who embroidered the Queen's train; and Lady Smith-Dorrien, who spoke from a microphone installed at the School of Needlework.

Broadcasts of outside events to British listeners are conveyed by landline to B.B.C. headquarters, where they are sent out on the ordinary wavelengths. The same system applies to broadcasts to America, except, of course, that in these cases the programmes are carried by cable across the Atlantic.

Elaborate arrangements were made, of course, to enable American listeners to hear the Coronation celebrations, but on this solemn and important day the B.B.C. had reserved all its transmitting equipment for home services, and the American programmes were sent direct by Post Office landline to the transmitters at Rugby.

☆ John Masefield, the English Poet Laureate, spoke to America on Coronation day and talks were also given by the man who supervised the Abbey seating, the Earl of Dudley, who had been Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, and Lord Dorchester, who described the two previous Coronations he had seen.

Talkers may speak at will; they are not required to submit their scripts—indeed, some of the talks are impromptu—but most of the broadcasters prefer to keep to notes and scripts, because of the timing of programmes which is rigorously observed in American broadcasting. Half a minute's grace is allowed for opening and concluding a speech.

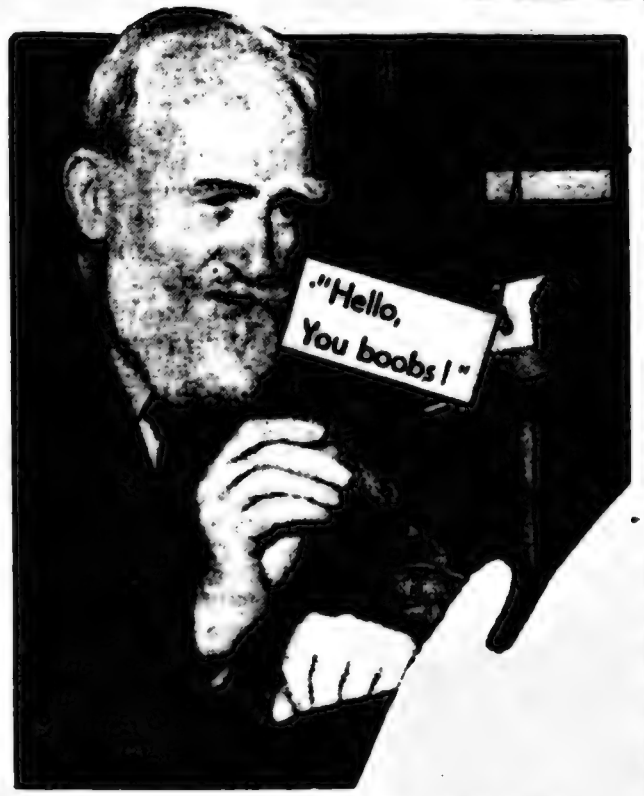
Among the personalities who have addressed the American public from Broadcasting House are J. B. Priestley, André Maurois, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Robert de Rothschild, Marjorie Bowen, Dean Inge, Laurence Housman, S. P. B. Mais, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Lord Haley.

Lascelles Carr never refers to notes when broadcasting eye-witness accounts of golf matches.

At the time of the abdication the wild rumours and hysterical reports circulated throughout America were held in check to some extent by a series of news bulletins and statements delivered by responsible people such as Lord Ponsonby, Lord Birkenhead, the late John Drinkwater, Wickham Steed, Ellen Wilkinson, and Lord Lothian.

Bernard Shaw declined an invitation to address America on the ground that his script would suffer mutilation, but, on being assured that no such censorship was imposed, he took advantage of this freedom and, opening his talk with "Hello, you boobs. You dear old boobs!" proceeded to treat the people of America like a class-room of naughty children.

He described his visit to Russia, and endeavoured to impress listeners with the success and progress of the Soviet experiment.




*Yes, that's just how G.B. Shaw began one of his recent broadcasts to U.S. But you didn't hear it. There are many such items broadcast from this country, but which you are prevented from hearing.*

On the day of the Kentucky Derby a talk by Lord Derby on horse racing and his family's connection with the great sport was broadcast.

An attempt to arrange a two-way discussion on civic responsibilities between the Mayor of New York and Mr. Herbert Morrison failed when the New York end, demanding nobody less than the Lord Mayor of London himself, refused to be persuaded that Mr. Morrison's municipal position corresponded to that of Mayor La Guardia of New York.

The most popular English broadcaster in America was the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales. His first broadcast to the United States was arranged in 1931, when a boat was to be launched by His Royal Highness in a Glasgow shipyard. Those arranging the broadcast booked a telephone line to New York and a connection was made between this line and the microphone taking the transmission on the English wavelength.

At the last moment, however, the authorities decided to cancel the relay, and the American agent returned to his flat in a mood of extreme disappointment.

Imagine his joy, however, on receiving a cablegram from New York an hour later: "Magnificent broadcast of the Prince. How did you manage it?"

The explanation was that nobody had remembered to tell the Post Office of the proposed cancellation, with the result that the broadcast was picked up by the connected lines to America.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*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27*

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THINK what modern labour-saving devices can do to lighten your washing day. Every home should have an Acme Cabinet Wringer-Mangle—like the one illustrated on page 31. It takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. In one compact cabinet are four things without which the kitchen can be really efficient—and it's a beautiful piece of kitchen furniture, too! Write at once, mentioning JOHN BULL, for free illustrated booklet, 24A, describing all models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

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THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

**Keep your lovely things looking like new; give them Persil's safe and gentle cleansing.**

**Proud of her teeth . . .**
***but she's beginning to***
**wear them away**

Nobody's told her parents that some pastes and powders clean because they're abrasive. In fact there *are* dentifrices so abrasive that dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using. If you use them regularly they're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.

It's quite simple to tell whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

*Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.*

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**Free sample tube.** *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp), to Chanbar Ltd., (Dept. J.B.23), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to G.B. Britain and N. Ireland.*

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**INDIGESTION IS DANGEROUS**

**A Warning.**

***By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris***

What a tragedy it is that so many people refuse to bother about digestive troubles—wind, heartburn, and pain after meals. "It's only indigestion," they say, and do no more about it. And then they wonder why they get severe bilious attacks, acute gastritis, or even stomach ulcers!

If only people would stop the trouble where it starts, they'd never have serious stomach trouble. Pain after meals, wind, heartburn, stomach-ache—all these are symptoms of acidity. Your stomach is producing too much acid, and, if you want to avoid serious complications, you *must neutralise* this excess acid. For this purpose I always use 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will almost invariably stop stomach pain immediately, because it so quickly neutralises the dangerous, ulcerating excess acid. In all cases of stomach trouble I strongly recommend prompt treatment with 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

*Note.* 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6d.



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**PHILIP INMAN**

# Starting Life Again at FORTY

*Fears of war have stopped many couples from developing their careers, as they would in normal times*

IT might be interesting to the world's statesmen if they could only know how the threatening war-clouds affect the daily lives of the ordinary people—the man-and-woman-in-the-street.

This letter, for example:

"My husband and I, since our marriage eighteen years ago, have had a fish-and-chip shop. We have both worked hard and saved a little money, and as we have a decent trade we could quite easily dispose of the business.

"My health has not been very good recently and I have been told that I shall be no better until I am out of this trade. We feel that we would like to venture in a smallholding, as we were both used to country life before our marriage and we are interested in poultry and gardening. But two things are holding us back.

"In the first place, I am afraid that if war came again my husband, although he is now forty-four years old, might be called up, as his would not be a one-man business. Knowing some of the horrors he, with others, passed through in the last war makes me feel that I don't want him to have to go again.

"The second thing is that I would not like to make a mistake and live to regret throwing a living away for an uncertainty."

This woman tells me that her health is suffering and that she is never likely to be better so long as they remain in the present business. That seems to decide the issue. For what is life without good health.

There are also other points in favour of making that change. Both she and her husband have been accustomed to country life. And as they desire to return to it they evidently liked it. They have also saved a little money and the sale of their business should add to their resources. Further, they have apparently no children dependent upon them.

And, lastly, the same grit and determination which has helped them to make a success of their present business should stand them in good stead in any new venture. Any change, of course, must be in the nature of a risk. But in this case everything suggests that they should take it. If that step is decided upon, I urge my correspondent not to dwell upon the thought of another war.

We all hope, of course, that it will never come. But the consequences in her case are almost eliminated because her husband is likely to be over military age. I hope, if my advice is taken, that there will be happier days in store.

Listen to this letter from a young man of twenty-eight, who tells me that he is married and has one child, and finds himself "at the crossroads":

"I have been with my firm now for six years, and I have a good pensionable position with a prospect of promotion and consequent increase in salary.

"My mother-in-law, who is a widow, owns a house and shop in a good provincial town some miles away. Since the death of her husband two years ago her business has been declining, due, I believe, to her lack of proper methods. I have been trained in business and know her locality well and I have also managed to save a little money.

"The suggestion is that I leave my present post and we should go and live with my mother-in-law. I would put my savings into the concern and use my experience in the hope of making the business into a paying proposition. In return, I would in the course of time become the owner of the house and shop. Can the business be worked up again?

"I realise it would be a stiff fight, but maybe I could manage it. Anyhow, I am fairly optimistic. But is it wise that I should gamble a secure future against one which may become a dead end?"

Now this is not an easy problem to solve. All I can hope to do is to give some of the points for and against the venture. The business has been declining, I am told. Can it be worked up? A great deal depends upon the particular trade. Is it one that has been hit by the multiple stores? Are other tradespeople in that town complaining of lack of custom?

One of the snags of a business man to-day is that with the easy forms of transport people are inclined to go to the big towns and cities for their purchases. This young man must ascertain beyond doubt that it is his mother-in-law's slipshod methods which have caused the turnover to decrease and that under proper management there is still the business to be obtained.

Another point I must bring to his notice. This mother-in-law has been accustomed to having her own home and my correspondent and his wife have had theirs. Will the sharing of a joint establishment lead to friction? Or can they be happy living all together?

Then there must also be some understanding as to who shall be responsible for the running of the business. My correspondent has his own ideas—his mother-in-law undoubtedly has hers. Neither happiness nor success will attend their efforts if they pull in opposite directions.

On an all-important factor I am left in ignorance.

This young man does not tell me what his own inclinations are. If he is happy in his present job he should hesitate before giving it up. It affords prospects of promotion with increased salary and there is a pension when he reaches the retiring age. It would be folly to throw those things away lightly.

There is, however, something to be said for a man being his own master. If for any reason he dislikes his present work and can satisfy himself upon the points I have raised, then he might risk the change. Whatever he does, I hope it will be with the concurrence of his wife. She, after all, is deeply concerned in the question.

In my earlier years I remember the country carriers who used to come to the little market town of Knaresborough from the villages round about. Reading through my next letter brought back all sorts of memories. This woman says:

"My husband is a country carrier, but with increased competition, what was once a safe living has now become a struggle for existence. We have reached the stage when we must either go forward or make a change.

"As he is his own master, my husband is not insured, and it worries him to know that should anything happen to him his three children and myself would not be provided for.

"He thinks it might be better to give up his present work and find other employment, but the difficulty is that he could not take a job in which he would be exposed to all weathers, and as he is not very strong he would not be able to undertake anything that would entail heavy lifting. If he continues in his present line it will be necessary for him to invest in another vehicle, as his present one is not suitable for the purpose.

"We have not sufficient to pay the money down and the instalments would be a heavy drain upon us."

Now, in a country district what other work is there that this man could do? He cannot undertake heavy manual labour and for health reasons he must not be exposed to bad weather. Those two conditions exclude a great many possible occupations. What is more, with a wife and three children dependent upon him, he cannot either afford the time or the money to train for a new career.

I think it will be better for him to consider ways and means of increasing his present connection. My correspondent speaks of the necessity of purchasing a new vehicle. She does not say whether it is a horse- or a motor-driven one. If the former, I should certainly advise the consideration of the latter. It would enable him to cover his rounds far more quickly and he might be able to extend the scope of his activities.

With regard to assuring for the future of his family, he could take out a policy with a well-known insurance company to be payable at his death or when he reaches a definite age. This would relieve him of a good deal of the anxiety which is disturbing him now.


**ARE YOU RHEUMATICKY?**

To be free, not only from the actual pierc[ing] of Rheumatism, but from the fear of it coming again! What a blessed thought! For the uncertainty, is perhaps the most cruel part of the Rheumatic scourge. Never to know when the shooting agony is going to stab you in the back, cripple you, bring you up short in distressful pain, as you bend or stoop—there's the rub!

And now, pain and premonitions alike can be mastered, overcome, driven right out of your life. Like most great things in life, the remedy is also unbelievably simple. So simple, that many people, even some Nurses, have not thought it possible that a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water two or three a day could do the trick. But they've been mistaken! And how gladly, how joyfully, they've admitted their mistake and praised the powers of Fynnon Salt!

You have a right to ask how Fynnon Salt can drive Rheumatism from your system. It is due to a combination of the elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in Fynnon Salt. These "Nature's Salts of the Earth" are what wealthy patients go hundreds of miles to seek at famous Spas. Now, you can have them at home, flushing out your system, banishing poisons, expelling the cause of painful poisoned Uric Acid crystals. And Fynnon Salt costs only 2/3 per large tin at all chemists.

## NOW SHE'S "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"!

Don't let your beauty finish at the shoulders. Today you must be "Schoolgirl Complexion all over." Women everywhere have found that the rich, velvety lather of Palmolive used in the bath will keep skin soft and lovely from top to toe. That is because it is made from a secret blend of olive and palm oils—nature's own beauty oils. Let Palmolive bring new freshness and youth to your whole skin—let it make you "Schoolgirl Complexion all over."

3d per tablet

PALMOLIVE

*Every bath a beauty bath with the* OLIVE OIL *in* PALMOLIVE

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

**without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour**

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

## LOOK AT YOUR FALSE TEETH

If plates are stained, teeth discoloured, simply pour a little 'Steradent' powder into a glass of warm water and rely on it. Insert your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out immaculately clean. Blackest stains vanish. Fleshy pinkness is restored. Yellow teeth are made 'live' and lustrous. No brushing. No acids. No odour. Guaranteed harmless. Approved by over 10,000 Dentists. Price 1/- and 2/9 at all chemists.

**Steradent**

*Send at once for*

## This USEFUL FREE PATTERN BOOK

WOMEN readers are offered the opportunity of securing a very useful book illustrating easy-to-work dress patterns and embroidery transfers. This is offered free by the makers of the famous Robin Starch. "Notions for Your Needle, 1937," is the title of the book, and all you have to do to obtain this free pattern book is to send a postcard to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 264, Hull, mentioning "Notions for Your Needle, 1937." If you like, you can also mention JOHN BULL when writing. Most women will find it very useful. Why not write Now while you think of it! See page 31.

## Have You Seen the Latest BUSH SUPERHET!

BEFORE buying your radio turn to p. 12 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of Bush Radio Receivers. The Model Illustrated, the S.W.43, is a 7-stage Superhet for A.C. mains operation with 7 tuned circuits. It can be obtained on popular payment terms of only a few shillings a week. Send the Coupon Now, while you think of it!

## 3/- DOWN for a 35/- Value

*You pay* 19/11 *the easy way*

## Marvellous Bargain

ALL-WOOL

Northmoor HOLLYWOOD STYLE

★ **Neat Navy Blue**
★ **Trim Clean-Cut Style**
★ **All Wool—Winter Weight**

**You know how attractive** you know how practical—and you know how snug, warm, and long-wearing—this neat, trim, Navy All Wool Double Breaster is the choice of thousands.

**Do not confuse this** with the ordinary Blue "Nap" Coat. This is a GENUINE "WITNEY" finish which has that **tiny** wave effect, and an extra fine weave **which** gives that expensive, smooth, and **clean-**cut appearance.

Fine All Wool Winter Weight cloth **in a full 22½-ounce per yard weight.**

**Double breasted—yoke back**—three neat channel seams and inserted stitched belt. Full lined with excellent grade of art silk. **Smart revers and collar that turns up** warm and cosy for brisk weather.

Compare where you will—style, quality, and workmanship—you won't find the equal of the NORTHMOOR at near this low price of 19/11.

Order Coat No. C4E/4037 TO-DAY. SIZES: Hips 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 ins.; Lengths 46, 48, 50 ins. **Navy Blue only.**

MW VALUE

Order No. C4E/4037

**NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT.**

We guarantee our prices to be as low as any cash prices in Great Britain. That is our proud that we make "No Charge for Easy Terms." **No discount for cash. In fact, we prefer that you do not pay cash. We want you to know how easy it is to use the Marshall Ward Thrifty Credit Plan.**

We were the first concern in Great Britain to give "Easy Terms" at cash prices—without charging one ha'penny extra for credit. We are the fastest growing Mail Order House in Great Britain **because we sell at the lowest cash prices.** No agents, no salesmen, no high-priced store upkeep. Our economical system of mail order distribution On Approval guarantees you Maximum-Value, Complete Satisfaction—or your Money Back.

**MARSHALL WARD LTD.**
WEMBLEY LONDON

**PIN 3/- P.O. TO COUPON**

**To MARSHALL WARD Ltd., Dept. J.B., WEMBLEY, LONDON.**

I enclose 3/- for Special Offer Coat No. C4E/4037, to be sent to me On Approval. If I return same, you are to refund my full Postal Order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise I will pay 3/- each month until your special price of 19/11 plus 9d. postage is paid.

Hip Size.....Length.....Colour.....
(*Measure fullest part of seat*).

Husband .....

NAME
Wife .....
(*State first and last names in full*). (*If unmarried, please state age*.....)

ADDRESS .....

Town.....County.....

Occupation .....
(16) 2/10/37 *Have you bought from us before?*.....
*This offer applies only in England, Scotland and Wales.* 42

**ORDER ON APPROVAL**

Make sure you see this lovely coat before you buy your Autumn ensemble. Under Ward's Plan it comes to you for FREE examination with no obligation on your part to buy unless you are completely satisfied. Our Money Back Guarantee means that you take no risk—we refund every penny of your deposit payment and also cost of return postage, proving that Ward's Plan is truly On Approval. See it—try it on—examine the quality. Then, if you are delighted, pay the small 3/- monthly payment.

Order on Approval TO-DAY—have your Coat for full Season's use—no need to delay as you have several months to pay on Ward's Monthly Thrift Plan.

**SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE AUTUMN CATALOGUE**

*'. . . and that's why I use Silvikrin Lotion every morning. It keeps the scalp healthy, the hair free from dandruff and stops falling hair.'*

*Silvikrin Lotion is the only hair dressing that contains Pure Silvikrin, the natural hair food.*

SILVIKRIN LOTION

1/6

per bottle

*From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.*

**Silvikrin**

DOES GROW HAIR

L-602-G

**GLANDS and VIRILITY**

Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "burned up." By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock" of the years and achieve super-abundant virility, tireless energy, and a capacity for going all out in work and play such as you have not experienced for years. DOVIM Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Their cost is very low. For Test Supply and secret revealing Book (both FREE) use this Coupon.

**FREE TEST COUPON!**

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., Dept. 237, 39-45, Bradley Street, London, S.W.9. Please send Test Supply and 20-page Free Book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....


**LOOK INTO THE "JOHN BULL SHOP WINDOW"**

*—see pages 2 & 3*

# SCORN the PETTY SNOBS!

WE have all smiled at the story of the two shipwrecked Englishmen who lived for years on a tiny islet without speaking to each other—just because they hadn't been introduced.

Most of us have been victims of the wretched little vice it exposes so neatly.

For it shows the absurdity, not of etiquette, but of snobbery, and there can be few people who have never been slighted by a social superior.

Judging by the letters on the subject which JOHN BULL receives, snobs are growing more numerous, particularly on the new housing estates and in small towns.

A common grievance is that of a builder who is buying a small house in a London suburb. His neighbours live in houses as modest as his own, but they work in offices or are salesmen or travellers. He finds that they ignore him when they see him coming home in soiled clothes, but condescend to say "Good morning" when he takes a Sunday walk in a clean suit.

"It doesn't bother me," he writes, "for I reckon myself as good as the next fellow. But it's different with my wife. She has no friends here, and if she tries to pass the time by talking to the women who live round about she always has to swallow some taunt.

"They pretend to sympathise, saying how difficult it must be to keep the place clean since I come home smothered with dust, or they ask if she isn't frightened that I might be put on short time. Silly little sneers, but they get on my wife's nerves."

ANOTHER man, a motor driver, buying a house at Golders Green, finds that the only occasions on which neighbours will acknowledge his existence is when their cars need attention. Wisely, he now declines to help though he complains that they no longer allow their children to play with his.

So the miserable, melancholy, maddening stream of letters goes on, testifying to the unhappiness caused by a brand of stupidity that, it must be confessed, has always been more prevalent here than on the Continent.

And if manual labour is despised by the supercilious, it earns still greater contempt when it has to be performed in uniform. At Edgware, a man who applied for a two-roomed flat was at once turned away when he mentioned casually that he wore uniform.

Not long ago, too, the newspapers reported how a railway driver, applying for the tenancy of a house at Alexandra Park, was refused for the same reason.

The house agents said that the owner considered him a desirable tenant in every way, but the house "could not be let to a worker who wore uniform, as it would cause objections from the neighbours."

As if to justify the frightened qualms of this landlord, residents in the district raised their hands and voices in horror a few weeks later because the Middlesex County Council acquired two houses as homes for orphans and other children; petitions of protest were sent to the local ratepayers' association, the Ministry of Health, Wood Green Borough Council and the County Council.

These outraged gentry, you may be sure, had no real objection to poor children being well housed—so long as this was done in the depths of the country or on a desert rock. In Alexandra Park, however, it "would cause the amenities of the district to suffer."

Well, snobbery causes children everywhere to suffer.

Typical of legions of small victims is a Sidmouth girl who is subjected to taunts by her schoolfellows because her mother has to do housework and her father tends his own garden, instead of employing a maid and gardener.

IN most cases, no doubt, the parents of snobbish youngsters are snobs themselves, and it is on them that the blame should be laid. Moreover, their intimidation of teachers may have quite a lot to do with all the Old School Tie nonsense that provokes the deserved gibes of radio comedians.

At Cliftonville a boy of five attended a small day school until recently. Then came a letter from the principal regretting that as the child's father had opened a shop she "found it impossible to welcome your son as a pupil next term, as some parents have very strong feelings about these things."

The fact that the father happened to be an ex-public school boy and university man made no difference. Only Society ornaments can open shops without fear of reproach.

It should not excite any surprise, therefore, to hear that a bookseller who wanted to join a sports club the other week met with stern opposition. The chief objector was a bank clerk's wife who had often accepted a lift in his car.

She acknowledged that he was highly respectable, but—as she stressed to the committee—he was "in trade."

In the same Gloucestershire town the wife of a humble clerk informed a greengrocer that she was leaving the district.

He held out his hand and wished her "good luck." This she described to her friends as an impertinence and declared herself to be very angry.

Climb a little higher in the social scale. A young man returned from abroad, where he had held an important job, and took a small country hotel. His wife was attractive, well educated and tastefully dressed. Yet the kind of people by whom she had been welcomed all her life would have nothing to do with her.

For two years now she has tried in vain to overcome their hostility. She still has to send miles away from the town for friends to make up a bridge party. Instances could be drawn from all over the country, nor are such irritating idiocies confined to the middle-class. If one section of the community haughtily waves the Old School Tie, others flourish the Better Job banner.

Successful business men slight the poorer black-coated workers. The blackcoats slight tradespeople and artisans. Even among manual workers intolerance is often manifested.

*They're glad to see him—but they don't want him as a neighbour*

MR. ERNEST BROWN, Minister of Labour, is finding that spirit a big obstacle in the way of solving the domestic labour problem.

Young men are ashamed to be seen courting servants, he is told.

As a report made on behalf of the National Council of Girls' Clubs points out, office girls will not associate with factory girls, workers on one process consider themselves superior to those on another, people who do the roughest jobs in life are regarded as inferior beings.

Town councils pour scorn on day trippers; Printon deserves the Swank Gold Medal for proclaiming that "nothing so vulgar as a motor-bus has ever been seen on the esplanade."

Snobbery, in short, threatens to justify the foreigners' belief that it is one of the strongest of our national characteristics.

To advise people who suffer from unfriendliness to "take no notice" is counsel of perfection which only the tough-skinned can accept. But they might find a more effective remedy in the fact that no man likes to be called a snob to his face.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

## The "Double" Problem

STABLE plans for the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch are taking shape, and we can get down in earnest to solving the problem of the "Autumn Double."

In reviewing the credentials of Spot Barred and Esquemeling—my early fancies for the Cambridgeshire—Esquemeling looks to have the better chance. Moreover, he is owned by one who likes a tilt at the Ring, particularly in this Newmarket event.

Our Code selections are nearly 80 points up on a level stake—a very satisfactory position indeed.

Make a note of Le Bambino for the Duke of York Handicap, and Bydand for the Rivermead Plate at Kempton Park this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 30, to Wednesday, October 6.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M 8 R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ9322 would read ACHILL.


**WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AND HEADACHY**

When you get back from a day's shopping tired and headachy or when work's been worrying that you only want to go and lie down, here's a useful hint.

Just drop a couple of those new 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and drink it as soon as it's stopped fizzing. 'Alka-Seltzer' is wonderful when you're tired or out of sorts. It makes the worst headache go in a few minutes. Yet 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets aren't a drug. They are the latest medical discovery to counteract that bane of modern life, Acidity. They make a pleasant tasting, sparkling, refreshing drink that brings almost instant relief from Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn or Flatulence, and indeed, any ache or pain. And while it brings relief quicker than you ever dared to hope, it brings a permanent cure by counteracting the cause.

There's nothing like 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. They're not to be confused with salts because they are not a laxative. They're something quite new, but they are proved and tested. Last year over 21,000,000 people found in 'Alka-Seltzer' the relief they had sought for years.

OUR GUARANTEE: Try 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets at once. Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the quantity of the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied we will refund your money.

Wise wheelers fit lamps that never fail. A brilliant headlight with 100-ft. beam and red rear light, automatically generated as you ride. Safer! More sensible! And a Pifco Dynamo Lighting Set saves money. No batteries. Extremely light, silent, easily fitted, weather proof, and Guaranteed. Costs nothing to run.

10/6
From all Cycle Shops.

PIFCO
DYNAMO LIGHTING SET

PIFCO LTD., Watling Street, Manchester.
London Office: 58, City Road, E.C.1.

GRAVES Beautify the World For Quality & Value

Write today for our FASHION DISPLAY which accurately illustrates and describes the newest ideas in wearing apparel for the present season. Money-saving prices.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS

Boulevard Produced in a choice traverse Weave Material, this fashionable Model Coat is cut in the Latest centre-buttoning style, with three-seam panel semi-fitting back, new long point collar in good quality fur fabric representing Indian Lamb, with cuffs to match. The garment is lined throughout with Art. Silk Twill to tone, & is provided with a smart machine-stitched self-material belt with ormoid slide. In Bottle, Biggar, Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Bust: 32 to 50ins.) Price 24/11
Length: 46 to 50ins.
Terms: 3/6 Monthly.

PATTERNS FREE. Write for full range of actual cloth Patterns, Newest Models, Costumes, Coats, Frocks, Underwear, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid course with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return post.

J. & J. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

3/6 Monthly

An Invaluable Herbal HEALTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

The wisdom of the ages on Herbal Healing. A to Z guide to Herbal Remedies. A Doctor in the Home. Complete ready reference to ailments, disorders and diseases, their causes, symptoms and treatment. Excitingly interesting articles on How to Live 100 Years, How to Avoid Infection, How to Breathe, etc., etc.

FREE!

Write for your copy of this wonderful book. It is free.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), Ltd., 4, Raven House, Eastgrand Rd., Bradford.

★ A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

A common sense handbook "Hints to Mothers," is a practical guide for every mother. It deals concisely and clearly with the treatment of all children's ailments. Just send a postcard, mentioning "John Bull," to John Steedman & Co., Ltd., 270, Walworth Road, S.E.17 and a free copy of "Hints to Mothers" will be posted to you. Every Mother ought to have a copy!

# FREE GIFTS for everybody

## for Bournville Cocoa Coupons

Nearly 200 wonderful gifts can be obtained by collecting your Bournville Cocoa Coupons. Post the coupon below for your FREE copy of 'New Gifts.' With this profusely illustrated book Cadburys also send one gift coupon to start your collection. Post the coupon NOW.

## NEARLY 200 FREE GIFTS

### Lovely to Look at!

There's always room for another pair of silk stockings in your drawer, especially when they are as lovely as the ones you get for 27 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Made of pure silk, in sizes 9½ and 10, these stockings come to you in all the fashionable shades.

GIFT No. 800

27 COUPONS

### FOR BABY!

A lovely runabout, attractively finished in modern cellulose colours. Baby would be thrilled with it. It's quite quiet—rubber-tyred casters; and quite roomy —13½ in. high, 18½ in. long, 14 in. wide. 85 Bournville Cocoa coupons bring this exceptional gift.

GIFT No. 1157

85 COUPONS

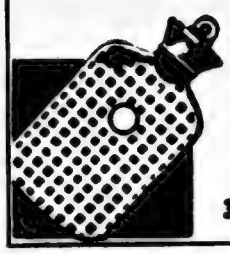
### Mother's Choice

Even paying the housekeeping bills becomes a pleasure (almost!) when you can take your money out of this smart purse made of strong English leather. This purse comes to you free for 24 Bournville Cocoa coupons.

GIFT No. 838

24 COUPONS

### WHEN FROST'S ON THE WINDOW-PANE



This hot water bottle will keep you cosy on winter nights. It is yours for 38 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Three quart size—made of high grade rubber. Start collecting right now!

GIFT No. 777

38 COUPONS

### Lots of Choc's

½ lb. Cadbury's Milk Chocolate, 2d. Bournville Fruit and Nut Chocolate, 2d. Milk, Fruit and Nut Chocolate, 2d. Bournville Chocolate - all for only 15 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Easily collected.

GIFT No. 700

15 COUPONS

### Shave Sir?

There's always a man in the family with a shaving brush that should be pensioned off. Get him this shaving brush. It is of lasting quality, with a wooden handle and pure bristles. You only need 23 Bournville Cocoa coupons to get this gift!

GIFT No. 872

23 COUPONS

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

6D PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

POST COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY

To 'New Gifts,' Dept. 67, Cadbury, Bournville.

Please send me the new 44-page Bournville Book of Gifts with free coupon. (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

J.67. 2-10-37

*Post in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.) This offer applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.*

EVERY POST A WINNING POST

POST YOUR BETS to the "BIG TWO"

1/- 2/- 2/6 5/- 10/- 20/-
£2 £5 £10
UP TO ANY AMOUNT

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS
READING A TIME STAMP NOT LATER THAN THE SET TIME OF ANY RACE IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES WILL BE ON AT FULL STARTING PRICE OR REPLACEMENT REFUNDED AS OFFERED.

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW for the CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH
send for PRICE LIST

Please send me particulars of your service. I am over 21
Name
Address
J B 2/10/37.
Town County

DAVID COPE
[illegible]
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW, C.2

Your A.B.C. of COUGHS and COLDS

Sooner or later, you or someone you know will start the usual winter cough. This time why not be ready for it If you are quick enough you can nearly always get rid of it before it gets a hold. You know, of course, that all coughs and colds are caused by germs. If the germs are given time to multiply and settle down in the lungs and throat, the way is open for complaints of a really serious kind. That is why doctors consider that it is very important to attack the germs quickly from *within*. A cough mixture which simply soothes the cough temporarily is not enough. Famel Syrup is based on the discovery of soluble Lactocreosote, which has a powerful antiseptic and preventive action in the lungs. Germs of coughs and colds cannot live in its presence.
Famel has been proved in hundreds of laboratory and hospital tests to be the medicine which does destroy the germs but does not cause distress to the vital organs. At the same time it calms the throat and removes the feeling of pressure on the chest and lungs. Its tonic properties build up your strength quickly, so that your body can defend itself against future attacks. Famel Syrup is not a mere 'cough mixture.' It is a scientific preparation—a remedy respected by hospitals and clinics, doctors and nurses, all over the world. Your chemist sells it—1/3 and 3/-.

Famel Syrup
Brand
Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

For brochure "How to be Happy and Healthy in Winter" please write to Dept. J.B.1., Wilcox Jessop & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

## FROM OUR READERS

# Soldiers' Graves Are Blot On Nation

I, AN ex-Service man, demand to know who is responsible for the upkeep of soldiers' graves in our local cemeteries.

I came across some the other day in this district. I am prepared to take any responsible person to them. They are a national scandal, a terrible disgrace.—EDWARD KELLY, 2, Leybourne Avenue, Guildford Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

*We would welcome the fullest details of neglected war graves from our readers. Information should be addressed to the Editor.*

### Dare You Try It?

Operations should be carried out under hypnotism. Dr. Coué proved it possible.

Is humanity to suffer because this treatment doesn't follow the conventions of medical tradition?—C. W. REES, 4, Victoria Walk, Cotham, Bristol.

*Late Dr. Coué once failed completely to hypnotise the writer of this footnote.*

### Street Scene

My crippled son, who walks on crutches, had waited so long at a local 'bus stop that he began to feel faint.

You can imagine my joy when a gentleman in a very nice car pulled up until he raised his hat to the only pretty girl in the queue, a stranger to him, offered her a seat, and drove away with her with them both smiling broadly.

Immediately afterwards, my boy collapsed.—MRS. S. ARTHUR, "Wilbur," Brookwood Road, Millbrook, Hants.

*Gentleman in a very nice car? In London we call them "kerb pests."*

### Poison Peril

To curb murder by poison we make it difficult for anybody to buy poisons: register chemists: insist on the keeping of poison books.

Yet any dishonest person can get a duplicate key cut to his master's safe without any question. Locksmiths are not registered, and anyone can present any key he likes and demand that it should be copied.—W. JAMES, Bradford Road, London, S.E.26.

*Locksmiths have given some very useful information to police, when faced with requests that have aroused their suspicions.*

### Placing the Blame

I have been alarmed to hear a public speaker say that aluminium kitchen utensils are the cause of a lot of modern illness.

Are our medical authorities alive to this theory?—J. DARBY, 51, Avondale Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*Yes. Medical Research Council spent a year probing it. And describe it as bunkum.*

### He's Sensitive

Why are our telephone boxes made like glasshouses? I like privacy when speaking to friends, and become all self-conscious when speaking in full public view, perhaps in the middle of a public square.—JOHN A. PIRIE, South Balmoor, Peterhead.

*The public itself bullied Post Office into supplying such boxes, arguing (1) that boxes should be conspicuous, and (2) that you should be able to speak without a head peering in every other minute to see whether 'phone is in use.*

### Profit—and Loss

I have a son serving in the R.A.F. in East Africa. A penny collar-stud costs 9d. there.

The lad wrote home for his cricket trousers, which have already seen two season's wear. I had to pay the Post Office 2s. 8d. at this end, and when they arrived he had to pay another 2s. 3d.

Surely the Government should know that its own soldiers are not millionaires and do something for them accordingly.—MRS. W. ELSDON, Scotney's Farm, Toppesfield, Great Yeldham, Essex.

*The Government just scratches its head stupidly and wonders why it can't get recruits.*

### Water. Yes . . .

Visiting Weymouth recently, where we enjoyed ourselves so much that we hope to return, we were excellently accommodated in a house with the one disadvantage that it had no bath.

When we asked to be directed to the nearest public baths, we were told that there were none. Ample enquiries in the town confirmed this amazing fact.

Does this mean that residents without baths have to go to other towns?—Miss M. CRIPPS, 29, Waterloo Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.

*Weymouth, Dorset: Out-of-season population, 21,982.*

### Now, Mr. Sullivan!

I was particularly interested in the article on queer trade names because I used to be a "winkle diver"—in other words, I was in that branch of the old R.E.s that trained divers to recover cables.

Incidentally, I have an Indian frontier medal with the word "Submarine" inscribed on it issued before submarines were invented.—J. SULLIVAN, 21, Coleman Road, Aldershot.

*Come, come. A submarine of a kind submerged in the Thames in 1620. One was used against us by America in the War of Independence. Perhaps you mean "before submarines were adopted by the British Navy," which was in 1901.*

### "H.P." Licences

Why can't the Post Office issue cards on which stamps can be placed until the total of 10s., necessary to buy a wireless licence, is reached.

It comes very hard on a really poor family to find the money all at once.—HARRY COCKREM, Laverock Lane, Bromley-house.

*Post Office savings card bearing 20 sixpenny stamps (not ordinary postal kind) will be accepted at any post office in payment for wireless licence.*

### Car Antipathy

As an ardent collector of cigarette cards in a serious way, I am puzzled to find that 98 per cent. of those dealing with motor cars are torn in half before they are discarded.

As people throwing away other cards rarely tear them first, I am wondering whether this is a sign that motor cars get on people's nerves.—H. CHARLES, 124 Spencer Street, Queen's Road, Liverpool.

*Perhaps it illustrates the motorist's hatred of the makes he doesn't drive.*

### Green Room Funk

When playing the piano at a concert I opened with the "Bohemian Girl" overture. My fellow-artists were very upset; said it boded ill-luck.

Certainly our 'bus broke down on the way home, and my friends all missed their connections, but surely that doesn't mean there is anything in it?—G. HEWITT, 2, Pochin Street, Croft, near Leicester.

*There is no superstition to which actors, who are usually superstitious, adhere more strongly than the idea that "Bohemian Girl" spells failure for the show and all who appear in it. That is why the piece is rarely heard in public nowadays.*

### Trimmings

Sixpence was the cost of my hair cut. Twopence was the tip.

Later, I read this advertisement: "Hairdresser wanted. Prospects for speedy man. Wages, 30s. Good tips."

Now, who did I really tip?—W. CRETTFIELD, Jun., 59, Osborne Square, Dagenham, Essex.

*Difficult to be moved by the head instead of the heart in this matter of tipping. Until decent wages are paid all round, most people will feel inclined to tip occasionally.*

### Mail Scandal

The only accommodation that could be found for my husband, an acquaintance and myself, when we travelled by train from Wolverhampton to London the other day was in the mail-van sitting on the bags.

For a solid hour we never saw the guard or any other official. We would have taken what we liked.—MRS. MARGARET HADLEY, 9, Coneybere Gardens, Brewood, Stafford.

*Many similar letters have reached us.*

## FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

*By Our Expert. Matches Played October 2.*

**FIRST DIVISION.**
(1) Middlesbro' v. Preston.
(2) Portsmouth v. Chelsea.
(3) Stoke v. Charlton.
(4) W.B. Albion v. Leeds.
(5) Arsenal v. Man. C.
**(6) Birmingham v. Grimsby.
*(7) Blackpool v. Derby.
(8) Bolton v. Leicester.
(9) Brentford v. Sunderland.
(10) Huddersfield v. Wolves.
(11) Liverpool v. Everton.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**
(1) Doncaster v. Chester.
(2) Hartlepools v. Darlington.
(3) Hull v. Gateshead.
*(4) Lincoln v. Oldham.
(5) Rochdale v. Rotherham.
(6) Southport v. Accrington.
*(7) Tranmere v. N. Brighton.
(8) Wrexham v. Port Vale.
*(9) York v. Halifax.
(10) Barrow v. Crewe.
(11) Bradford C. v. Carlisle.

**SECOND DIVISION.**
(1) Newcastle v. Coventry.
(2) Forest v. Swansea.
(3) Plymouth v. Villa.
(4) Sheffield W. v. West Ham.
(5) Stockport v. Hotspur.
(6) Barnsley v. Burnley.
*(7) Blackburn v. Soton.
(8) Chesterfield v. Norwich.
(9) Fulham v. Bradford.
*(10) Luton v. Bury.
(11) Man. U. v. Sheffield U.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Div. I.**
(1) Partick v. Queen's Park.
(2) St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen.
(3) St. Mirren v. Arbroath.
(4) 3rd Lanark v. Rangers.
(5) Ayr v. Hamilton.
**(6) Celtic v. Clyde.
**(7) Dundee v. Kilmarnock.
**(8) Falkirk v. Q'n. of South.
(9) Hibernians v. Morton.
**(10) Motherwell v. Hearts.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**
(1) Reading v. Bristol City.
(2) Swindon v. Exeter.
(3) Torquay v. Orient.
*(4) Walsall v. Boscombe.
(5) Aldershot v. Gillingham.
(6) Bristol R. v. Q.P. R'angers.
(7) Cardiff v. Notts.
*(8) Palace v. Newport.
(9) Mansfield v. Southend.
(10) Millwall v. Watford.
(11) Northampton v. Brighton.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Div. II.**
(1) Raith v. Forfar.
(2) St. Bernards v. Airdrie.
(3) Albion v. Stenhousemuir.
(4) Alloa v. E. Stirling.
(5) Dumbarton v. Cowd'nb'th.
**(6) Dunfermline v. Brechin.
(7) Edinburgh v. Leith.
(8) King's Park v. Dundee U.
(9) Montrose v. E. Fife.

**SPECIAL STAR CODE.**—As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning. Example Code.—Div. I. 6 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*A*); Scottish League, Div. I.—10 (*H*) would indicate Birmingham, Q.P. Rangers and Motherwell.

## Write to John Bull About It—

*We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.*

*Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.*

*Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# Come RIGHT to this!

**If you haven't greeted Afrikander yet, you're missing a whole pile of pipe-pleasure. If you think you're hardened against a case for changing your brand, get my wave-length and listen in on me.**

**The first time you open up the tidy red packet . . . the first time your tongue caresses a soft blue puff of that smooth, cool smoke . . . you'll *know* that you're on a *better 'bacey.'* And that big thrill which Afrikander hands out after a one-puff acquaintance is no lucky break, either. There'll be no change in its mellow smoothness, no falling off in its flavour and fragrant freshness; never a lapse in a lifetime's smoking from its happy habit of satisfying with every *long lasting* pipeful . . . because Afrikander's so good—with a dependability enough to make the British Navy green with envy. Prove it in your pipe. The joy-smoke is yours for 8d. an ounce.**

# "At 65, I feel like 30 and work 11 hrs. daily"

***"I have been taking 'Phyllosan' tablets during the last 6 months with the result that I have practically overcome all heart fatigue and high blood pressure. I am 65 and am working 11 hours every day and feel like a man of 30. I shall continue to take them as I know of nothing better."* (Mr.)——**

Throw off your old, weary, *devitalized* self, and put on a new, *re-activated, revitalized, rejuvenated* self! Fortify your heart and correct your blood pressure! In other words, *start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!* Soon you will become a new man, vital, purposeful, and feeling younger every day.

Very many doctors prescribe 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets because closely watched clinical tests have proved the amazing restorative power of these wonderful little tablets. They accelerate the rebuilding of worn-out tissue cells, re-activate nerves and brain, and increase all physical and vital forces. They speed-up metabolism, increase appetite, improve digestion, correct the blood pressure and strengthen the heart.

And this re-activating, revitalizing, rejuvenating treatment is so simple! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. But if you take the tablets *regularly*, the results will astonish you.

## Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

## TABLETS TO-DAY!

*Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family size, 20/-*
*The 5/- size is twice, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the 3/- size*

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, increase all your Vital Forces

**FREE! Tablet-Container & Book**

*A novel tablet-container, into which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time, will be sent FREE, together with our book "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. for postage. (No tablets will be sent).*

*'Phyllosan' tablets are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.*

**COUPON**

*To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47)*
*12 Clipstone Street, W.1*

*I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send a pocket container for 'Phyllosan' tablets together with free book.*

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

*Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Use margin. Fix corner of stamp to coupon and seal your envelope.* J.B. 2/10/37

## £35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 33.

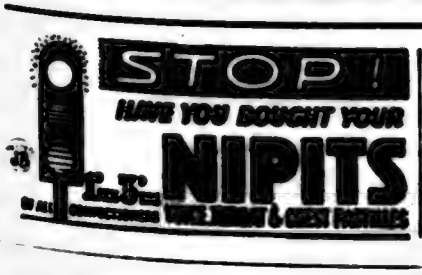
THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best Last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 33. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, October 8, 1937. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 22), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

## ATTRACTIVE INSURANCE

**Make Certain of Your family's future**

**For Your Own Protection**
***—fill in the Coupon on page 20***

PROVIDE for your future comfort and independence. The Endowment and Pension Policies of the Pearl Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of JOHN BULL readers. They provide protection for your wife or your children, and an income for the man himself. Fill in and post the coupon on page 20 for further particulars. You will never regret it!




## WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Priest is going steadily on, taking the Uroe bread tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss ——, S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Bonner St., London, E.C.2 From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

**ONE PUFF IS PROOF ENOUGH—**

**A.G makes smokes better**

You can tell immediately—from the first puff—what a marvellous improvement A.G papers make in your smokes. You cannot know till then how good your tobacco is—its finer flavour all comes through when rolled in *this* paper, that enjoyable "something extra" you were missing before. Notice how much cooler and longer-lasting your smokes are—A.G is specially made for this slower-burning and does not fizzle away. Yet A.G costs no more than ordinary paper. Insist on A.G—it's worth it.

*Fits all machines and gives best results.*

**AG PAPERS** *Now packed in 3 styles*

**For WHITER Cigarettes —try 'GREEN A.G'**



**CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE**

Don't rush to extremes, when you realise suddenly that your child's bowels need opening and give him a strong dose of medicine! The best way to relieve a child's tender little bowels is the *natural* way.

'California Syrup of Figs' is the gentlest, safest laxative you can possibly give a child. It starts an easy bowel movement that carries away all the poisonous contents of the bowels—all the hard, pent-up matter and half-digested food that makes him feel so miserable.

In a few hours, when the child's bowels have been relieved, when he's had a thorough but gentle internal cleansing—the difference in him is amazing. He's bright and cheerful again, full of energy. Always give a little 'California Syrup of Figs' when you think your child is "stuffed up" after missing a day. 'California Syrup of Figs' is a pure fruit laxative. It never "over acts," never causes the slightest discomfort—it is always kind to a child's extra sensitive little inside.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses and is sold by all chemists 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.



**PILES!**

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

**Man Zan**

**Brand PILE REMEDY**

*To end Constipation—Take De Witt's Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/-.*

**A. W. W. (Ramsgate).**—*"The man who gets to the top of the tree usually has his wife to thank for getting there." Not necessarily.*

# THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

*"This hat's for myself: I can't live on what he pays me."*
*—From "The Passing Show"*

**SATISFIED** (Elstree).—"Because the outfitter had to shorten the sleeves he let me have the coat for a few shillings less." He took a bit off.

**E. S.** (Leicester).—"The high temperature caused several runners to collapse at our sports meeting earlier in the season." One heat too many?

**ELSIE** (Mitcham).—"He proposed to me while we were riding on the horses at the fair." That was a roundabout way of coming to the point.

**M. V.** (Clapham).—"I told my wife that I would have nothing to say about the choice of towels." You wiped your hands of it.

**EXACT** (Charing Cross Road).—"When at the dinner-table, is it right for me to sit on the guest of honour's right hand?" Well, of course, he may be using it.

**W. K.** (Plaistow).—"Outside the shop my wife asked me for some money and said she had no intention of being long." Nor of being short, apparently.

**SPECTATOR** (Wigan).—"The excitement was intense when the referee was removed on a stretcher." Even he was carried away!

**MARJORIE** (Wood Green).—"My young man drives very fast and consequently I feel rather nervous when I go out for a car ride with him." You've doubtless been in some tight squeezes.

**TELEPHONE OPERATOR** (Shanklin).—"I have noticed that telephone girls marry much younger than girls in other jobs." And numbers are, of course, engaged.

**D. M.** (Bodmin).—"One tribe in Central Africa use a mixture of herbs to colour their faces purple." Over here, of course, one leaves that sort of thing to rates, taxes, golf and the telephone.

**ENTHUSIAST** (Warwick).—"In less than a week after we had decided to run a tennis club, we had made a couple of good courts in a field." You certainly didn't let the grass grow.

**W. H. V.** (Padstow).—"The tramp quickly cleared off when I offered to give him some work to do cleaning windows, but not before he had thrown a few stones at the house." He shied at it.

**T. M. M.** (Carnoustie).—"I think that carters are too much preoccupied with betting to attend to their work properly." Of course, they are accustomed to put the horse before the cart.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

**LAINDON RECORDER**:—"Billericay Church EXTENSION to Hastings . . ."

**MANCHESTER FREE GARETTE**:—"Full-size oak bedroom SUITE, almost new."

**THE BOROUGH NEWS**:—"She died in —— Hospital three days after the INQUEST."

**WOODFORD TIMES**:—". . . have celebrated their golden wedding. Both are aged FIFTY-NINE. . . ."

**GLASGOW EVENING NEWS**:—". . . drove a motor-cycle with an inexperienced passenger on the PAVILION."

**THE STAFFORDSHIRE CHRONICLE**:—"'The High Command,' which will be shown on Thursday. . . . The leading MOLES are filled by . . ."

**S. M.** (Cookham).—"My son is well up in the electrical trade." A live wire, eh?

**E. R.** (Exeter).—"A linesman can often see more of the game than the referee." He is certainly more in touch with it.

**MADAME T.** (Brighton).—"At one time I made a lot of money by reading hands." They, of course, were palmy days.

**S. N.** (Balham).—"London tube and bus passengers are very patient." They stand a lot.

**PORTER** (Marylebone).—"Many travellers returning from holidays are bad-tempered at this time of year." Holiday snaps.

**P. N.** (Exeter).—"The Inland Revenue Department has been administering many pinpricks to me lately." Income-tacks?

**S. A. J.** (Worcester).—"Most mountain-climbers are self-made men." You mean that they start at the bottom.

**S. C.** (Perranporth).—"I ruined an expensive camera taking an extensive view of the sands." You got a lot in?

**S. F.** (Edgware).—"Making and maintaining a lawn cost me a lot of money this year." Heavy losses on the turf.

**M. R. S.** (Glastonbury).—"I just had enough money to get a shave at the end of my stay." That was a scrape.

**PROUD HANDYMAN** (Ilkeston).—"In view of my unusual skill, I consider that whitening a ceiling is beneath me." Wrong—above you.

**CHAIRMAN** (Woking).—"Taking my pen, I drew a straight line through all the tabled amendments as being out of order." You ruled them out.

**W. H. P.** (Sevenoaks).—"What would you think of a landlord who won't do the slightest thing in the way of interior decorations?" He's an outsider.

**N. A. S.** (Edinburgh).—"I see that an incombustible timber has been discovered." By some exasperated picnicker, no doubt.

**"HISTORIAN"** (Oxford).—"Henry VIII was not quite the same man towards the close of his life." We gathered that he was not quite up to Parr.

**CHEMIST** (Blackheath).—"The one way out would seem to be the addition of some sulphuric acid." You think that's the only solution?

**H. A.** (Plymouth).—"As we sailed nearer the Polar Regions, my faith in my companions grew less." It went down by degrees.

**H. N.** (Deal).—"Although I did my best to glue the parts together, my patience was soon exhausted." You couldn't stick it.

**M. T. S.** (St. Albans).—"For exactly sixty minutes he gave us a talk on the position between European nations to-day." Problems of the hour, then.

**B. T.** (Brighton).—"I collect foreign and obsolete coins." How many slot-machines do you own?

**HIKER** (Porlock).—"By the time I had climbed to the top I was ready for a pint of beer." Up hill, down ale.

**P. N.** (Clapham).—"I learned to play the piano in no time." Lots of people play it like that.

**R. V. R.** (Ipswich).—"I was very pleased with the box camera her auntie gave my daughter." You were taken with it?

**ARTIST** (Sudbury).—"I am at present painting a portrait of our jobbing gardener at work." A study in still life.

**Y. P.** (Kew).—"I could not find my seat at the ice-rink recently." Very few people have any difficulty with that.

**BACHELOR** (Crieff).—"Women, in my opinion, are a snare and a delusion." Men, however, will hug a delusion.

**M. L.** (Moorgate).—"He asked me to join him in a bowl of turtle soup." What was he doing in a bowl of turtle soup?

**C. J.** (Bromley, Kent).—"I have just read that a porcupine in Nairobi defeated a lion." No doubt it won on points.

**F. L.** (Taunton).—"Architects are providing plenty of cupboards for houses nowadays." Yes, they are called flats.

**P. N.** (Chelsea).—"It was strange to see a policeman conducting the orchestra." A new beat, indeed.

**RESCUED** (Weymouth).—"The lifeboatman couldn't lift me into the boat, so he rowed ashore with me trailing to the side." So you were pulled in?

**W. L.** (Chelmsford).—"A wife will often start a long quarrel over the most unimportant thing." And he rarely has the courage to answer back.

**R. B.** (Hatch End).—"As I was in such a bad temper, I left the house to do some shooting on the moor." Just the place for a bit of grousing.

**BUILDER** (Stepney).—"A tunnel is as much a work of art as any other building." We have never seen much in one though.

**CENTRE-HALF** (Bolton).—"Everything went smoothly until the referee gave a penalty, then the trouble started." A spot of bother.

**G. B.** (Neath).—"While on holiday I was more than surprised to see cyclists in seemingly inaccessible places." Where there's a way there's a wheel.

**F. G.** (Warwick).—"It has recently been suggested that all London's statues should be grouped together in more suitable places." But wouldn't they prove rather a danger to shipping?

**O. M. T.** (Wrexham).—"I am a strong party man." Then come along to *Bullets'* 25th Birthday party, for which your invitation is on pages 46 and 47—it may be your pleasure to lift that 5-in-1 First Prize of £25 Monthly for Life, £1,000 Cash, Television Set and Celebration Week.

**GEORGE J.** (Peckham).—"I feel much better for my holiday and while away I eat the food of two men." Who, we suppose, were smaller than you, and as a result do not feel better for their's.

**SPRINTER** (Brighton).—"Owing to the fact that the holder has scratched, I feel that I stand a good chance of winning this race this year." You'll be in the running anyhow.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.


**You Are Invited**

*to the 25th Birthday Celebration of our famous "Bullets" Competition. See pages 46 and 47 for Unlimited Free Gifts and an opportunity to*

**WIN £3,000 CASH!**

# A GOOD JOB IN HIS GRASP..

**Carelessness cost him his employment for life**

At last he got a regular job, earning good money, with sure promotion ahead. Then the blow fell. One morning his wrench slipped and he grazed his thumb. At the time he thought nothing of it—but a week later he was in hospital. Before the month was out he lost his arm!

## FAMILY HEALTH is your sure defence against dirt's deadly dangers

Don't give dirt a chance. Any tiny little graze or scratch may give dirt-bred germs the opening to do their deadly work. Be safe. Wash often with Family Health Soap. Family Health ensures real antiseptic cleanliness. Its rich, foamy lather washes every trace of dirt away, protects you from the deadly menace of dirt-bred germs.

You owe it to yourself – to your family – to use daily

# FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

ALWAYS KEEP A TABLET BY THE WASH-BASIN

RH 10-37

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

*P.S.*

*Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window— you always find bargains there.*

*See pages 2 & 3.*

# FALSE TEETH

held firmly with utmost COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE

If sprinkled daily with Kolynos Denture Fixative.

Sold in patent sprinkler for carrying in pocket or handbag 1/3. Large Tin 2/3. A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business men. Denture Brushes free—cash coupons with each tin. Samples of Kolynos Fixative Free from Kolynos, (Dept. J. 17A), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

# DOMOLENE-DEATH TO GERMS

DOMOLENE is death to germs—the new miracle ointment for the sure and immediate relief of Boils, Spots, Pimples, Septic Sores, Eczema, Skin Troubles, Piles, etc. DOMOLENE OINTMENT is the most powerful yet soothing germ destroyer known to science. It penetrates deep into the infected tissues, killing the deadly germ cells and cleansing out every trace of infection. DOMOLENE OINTMENT is so much more than any mild ointment. Where others merely soothe, DOMOLENE HEALS, striking deep at the root of the poison. Try DOMOLENE OINTMENT to-day, price 1/6 per pot, from all qualified Chemists.

Proprietors: Domo Remedies Ltd., Plantation House, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

Domolene is death to Germs.

# FREE! THIS AMAZING BOOK ON DRAWING

## Become an ARTIST—Quickly

*Let Brodie Mack Teach You at Home!*

AT last—you are able to learn all branches of the black-and-white art under the supervision of this famous artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home. If you have an inclination for drawing, Brodie Mack can develop your ability for this fascinating accomplishment. Thousands of pounds are paid every year for drawings for advertising, catalogues, pamphlets, books, comic strips, cartoons, etc. Successful artists are well paid—have the best of homes, have their own cars, and get the best out of life. Why remain a stick-in-the-mud? Get out of the rut now—this minute!

*Make Money in Your Spare Time!*

BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of you reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist. This free book offer is limited—the moment the last book goes you will be too late—we sincerely advise you to post the coupon along NOW!

WHAT THIS FREE BOOK TELLS YOU

- How to draw figures.
- How to become an artist.
- How to make money in your spare time.
- How to develop latent ability.
- How to Cartoon.
- How to Caricature.
- How to sell your work.
- How to illustrate for the papers.
- How to paint, sketch and draw.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK—NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

FREE BOOK COUPON—POST NOW

The BRODIE MACK CORRESPONDENCE ART SCHOOL (Desk A16), 8, Broadway, London, W.6.

Dear Sir,—Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How to be an Artist."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please use BLOCK letters 2/10/37

# LEXICON

Reg. No. 880001

## THE WONDER GAME

THE MOST INTERESTING, EVER-CHANGING, FASCINATING AND AMUSING CARD GAME EVER INVENTED

*Lexicon can now be bought for 1/-*

ALSO DE LUXE PACKS COMPLETE WITH BOOK OF ADDITIONAL GAMES TO BE PLAYED WITH LEXICON 2/6

JUST 1/- WILL GIVE YOU HAPPINESS THROUGHOUT THE WINTER

# BUY A PACK NOW

WADDINGTONS

Obtainable from all STATIONERS, STORES & TOY DEALERS

Huge
PENSION, CASH AND RADIO OFFER FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD!
WIN
30/-
WEEKLY FOR LIFE
OR
£500
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of winning Square in "John Bull."
SUPERB 'VIDOR' ALL-WAVE 'ROUND THE WORLD' RADIOS
ONE WITH EACH RUNNERS-UP PRIZE OF £3 OR OVER
VALUE £6·19·6

Before you on this page is a splendid one-week Offer of Crossword Cash and Radios, headed by a magnificent Life Pension Prize.

The sum of £100 is available for this Contest's Runners-up and to each of these winners whose cash prize amounts to £3 or more, JOHN BULL will present a marvellous "Vidor" "Round the World" Radio.

If you are to benefit from this grand shower of Cash and Radio prizes, your completed entry must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, October 9.

## CLUES ACROSS

1. Usually follows a certain pattern
3. This of cabaret artiste brings more engagements
6. Frozen water
7. Is sometimes resented by magistrates in their court
10. Axe usually makes it necessary to do this with special care
13. At an end
15. If this is a bad one it sometimes makes crowd nervous
16. One who possesses
19. Condition
21. Canoe
23. South Africa
26. Instrument in trawler
28. Attempt
31. One hopes to make a good one with first movie outfit
32. Good yarn can sometimes be obtained from one
33. Female pig
34. Housewife has constant use for a long one

## CLUES DOWN

1. Stage comedian usually does this well
2. Open fabric of twine
3. Archæologists often find something interesting when they dig one up
4. Tail end of cow
5. First half of egoism
8. Good one makes a big difference to promising boxer's progress
9. First impression of this is apt to be a poor one
11. May help unemployed man in his search for work
12. Bad tooth will do this
14. Decay
17. Soon goes up when jerry-builder gets to work
18. These are long thin fish
19. Beginning and end of speed
20. This on top of old wall may make it difficult to climb over
22. Wild creatures are occasionally caught by
23. Collectors of curios sometimes look for these
24. Some people find they get this through
27. Begins whole [swimming
29. Good needlewoman should find no difficulty with
30. Heavy one makes an easily recognised sound when running
32. Part of show in hotel

## READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. For four coupons (eight squares) send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co/ ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, October 9.

2.—In addition to four sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit FOUR EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette," or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 21. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 26, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

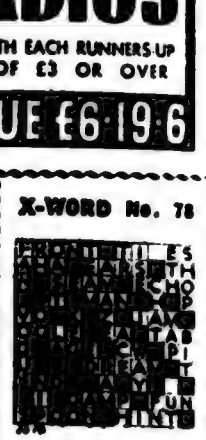
4.—Should the First Prize be shared £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 46

### X-WORD No. 78



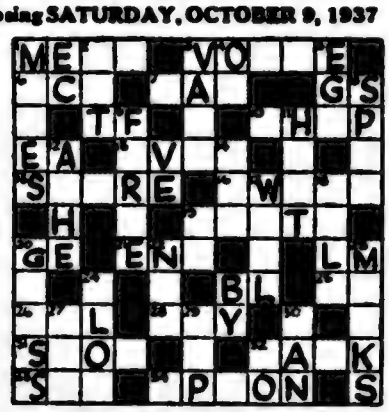
Winners on page 46

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those shown in the figure above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at those points TILES or TIMES and CUT or OUT were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," copy of which will be forwarded FREE on receipt of stamped addressed envelope

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 80. Closing SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

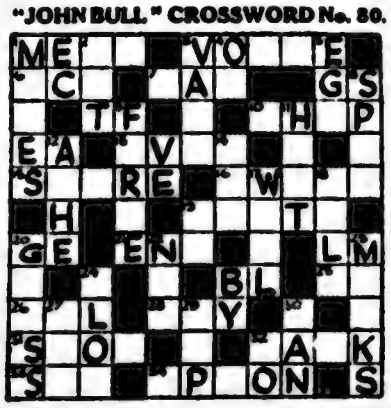
SIGNED .....

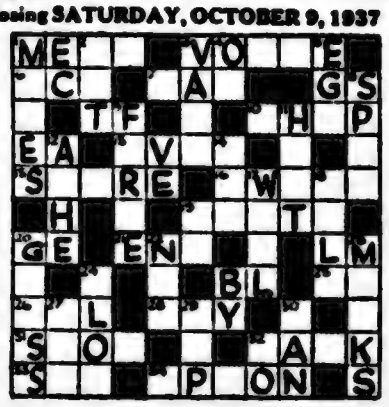
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 80. Closing SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

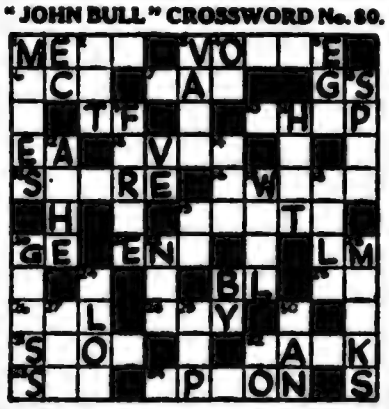
ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

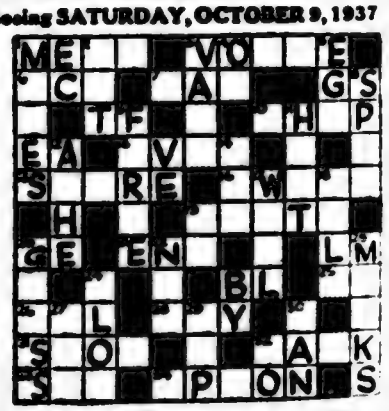
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 80. Closing SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

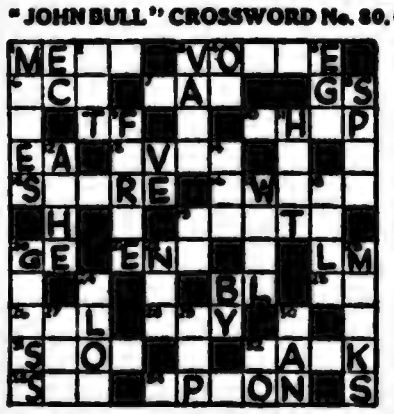
SIGNED .....

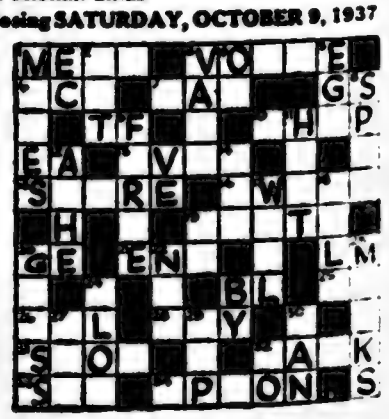
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 80. Closing SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 8 Squares 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

## ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 80, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

## NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

# SAVE YOUR HAIR LIKE THIS

ARE YOU LOSING YOURS? Has patchy or more complete baldness already appeared? Don't lose heart about it. **There is a "True Hair-Grower"** as used by Mr. Stables and Miss May, who have sent these photographs of their present fine heads of hair *after complete baldness.*

**WAS QUITE BALD**

**How this Splendid Thick Head of Hair**

Mr. J. W. Stables writes that after trying every hair tonic and restorer Kotalko proved "the genuine thing."

**I LOST ALL MY HAIR**

"Now for miles around people are surprised to see growth of hair and thickness. It is most surprising," writes Miss W. H. May.

**Don't let your disappointment** with other hair tonics or "restorers" **stop you from re-awakening the natural growing** activity of your hair. **HAIR NEVER DIES. The roots only** weaken until they are unable to grow hair upwards and through the scalp. **Cleanse your Hair and Scalp with Kotalko Scalp and Hair Soap. Massage your Scalp with Kotalko. All Dandruff, excessive oiliness or dryness of Scalp and Hair will disappear. Your Scalp will** enable a **glorious head of hair** to grow—hair of which you will be proud—and that others will admire and envy.

**100,000**

**FREE TRIAL SUPPLIES**

are waiting for distribution to readers who desire to save their hair and to see it growing luxuriantly once more.

**KOTALKO**
**TRUE HAIR GROWER**

acts up to its description—thousands confirm this in their recommendations to others and in their letters and photos.

**URGENT**

**DON'T DELAY. Begin your "True Hair Growing" by return post.**

**FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW**

**DOUBLE TEST**

**To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.**
**(53 H.H.), 9, Percy Street, London, W.1.**

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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## ★ Things you ought to know....

YOU read your "John Bull" from cover to cover, but sit quietly and study the interesting little ads. on page 18. Here is a variety of everyday offers, a kind of human wants directory. For instance, do you want to know how to make money in spare time? Do you require the address of a cheap printer? Are you a shopkeeper and want new selling lines? Are you seeking a career for your son or daughter? There may be a message for you on page 18. Make sure you read it every week.

---

*Only Since this Discovery has it been possible to*

# END YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

## —under GUARANTEE

**100 Years' Medical Search Ends**

Doctors KNEW years ago what had the power to end all Skin Diseases, SULPHUR. But **not one-thousandth part of that power has been usable** because ordinary sulphur cannot be absorbed into the blood stream. Now Jacob Ignatz Mrochem has perfected the first soluble sulphur and his discovery means the elimination of skin suffering. *Did you know that if it were possible for you to eat even a hundredweight of* ordinary sulphur, *less than a* saltspoonful *would be absorbed?* →

For years doctors and research specialists have been prophesying what may happen when the full power of sulphur is made available to skin sufferers. For years they have predicted that the worst skin diseases that human flesh is heir to would yield before the cleansing, purifying, anti-parasitic and tissue-rebuilding properties known to exist within it. Yet even their expectations have fallen short of actual fact now that the first soluble, assimilable and digestible form of sulphur has been discovered. Statements which, to the layman without medical knowledge, must have seemed fantastic have erred on the side of professional caution!

*JACOB IGNATZ MROCHEM whose name will go down in the history of medicine as the discoverer of the first assimilable form of sulphur ever known*

Most amazing of all has proved the actual time of healing. Whereas a steady but gradual improvement was anticipated, the remedial effects of this soluble sulphur in actual fact can be seen, in many cases even from day to day. So much so that for the first time it is possible to guarantee that the end of your skin disease will be in sight within a matter of a fortnight!

It matters little whether your skin troubles are of recent appearance or of years' standing, whether they are of parasitic infection or the after-effects of other illness, whether you are young or old, man or woman, this soluble sulphur treatment goes direct to the root cause—the blood—where it has never been possible to get the curative properties of sulphur absorbed before, except in the minutest quantities. The effects are so certain and the clearing so swift that an emphatic and unconditional guarantee can be given you that—

# YOUR SKIN TROUBLES WILL BE CLEARING for GOOD by OCT 21 OR YOU PAY NOT A PENNY!

**A COMPLETE CURE**

"About a fortnight ago I finished . . . your Treatment for Eczema, and I am delighted to say it has all disappeared; there is not a trace to be seen.

"As you noted my case there is no need for me to go into details; my condition remains as it is, and (please God it will) it is a complete cure. As I promised, we shall make it known in the Hospitals of our Institute and through our priests who work among all classes of people.

". . . May God bless your work with great success."
C. S., Guildford.

**THIS BLESSING AND CURE**

"I am very pleased to say that my skin has improved wonderfully and only a redness remains . . . I am ever so grateful to you for your help and treatment. Hope the public get to know of this blessing and cure . . ."
Miss E. M. A., Brighton.

*If you suffer from:*
**ECZEMA, PSORIASIS**
**LEG TROUBLE**
**NETTLERASH** (*Urticaria*)
**BARBER'S RASH** (*Sycosis*)
**IMPETIGO**
**DERMATITIS, ACNE**
**PIMPLES & BOILS**

***Post this NOW*** →

**BEEN TO DOCTOR'S WITHOUT RESULTS**

"I am writing to thank you ever so much for what you have done for me in helping the skin trouble I have had for so many years. I may state I have had doctors treating the complaint and I have tried so many more cures without results . . . I think your Treatment wonderful."
Mr. C. J. R. S., Ayrshire.

HUNDREDS of medicaments no doubt have claimed your attention since the onslaught of your skin disease. Perhaps scores of them you have tried without lasting avail. But let this heartening thought give you more than fresh hope—**in not a single instance until now has it been possible to give you the full benefit of the one element which doctors, hospitals, and clinics all over the world have shrewdly realised to have the power of ending your troubles for good.** But by the genius of Herr Mrochem, sulphur—at once the most valuable and also the most obstinate and intractable element in the whole pharmacopœia—has at last been brought within the service of human need.

His treatment, under the name of "SIBSUL" Soluble Assimilable Sulphur Treatment, is now made available to the British public. Already thousands of cases, many that had been given up as hopeless—are to-day living testimony to its success. You, too, can have a clean and healthy skin again, can see and experience the improvement which many sufferers have described as spectacular—and can do so under a guarantee that is legal and binding and does not obligate you to a penny piece until you are convinced in the only way that matters—**proof on your own body!**

In this brief announcement it is manifestly impossible to convey to you the full details of the complete "SIBSUL" Treatment. They are described in full in the treatise entitled **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good."** In the short time in which the first edition has been before the British public it has brought not only the banishment of suffering, but a fuller life itself to thousands. Send the Application Form to-day and a complimentary copy will be sent you by return of post. Send now—a 1½d. stamp is all you risk.

**APPLICATION FORM**

**To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD.,**
**Adam House, 69 Strand, London, W.C.2**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good,"** with full details of your guarantee that my skin trouble shall be clearing for good by Oct. 21, 1937.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

*NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be appreciated, but this is not essential.*

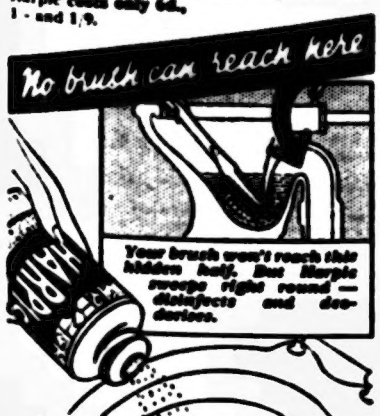
"John Bull," 2/10/37.

---

# ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only hoops the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time.

You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush. In new easy-flow tins Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

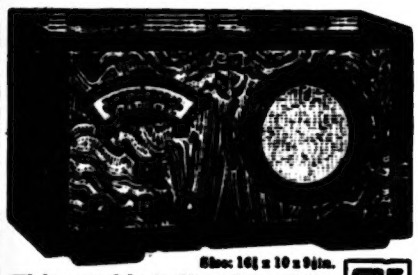

No brush can reach here
Your brush won't reach this hidden bend. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

**HARPIC for the lavatory**

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

# GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

**This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.**

**5/- Monthly**

## OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

**THE GRAVES 83 RADIO** enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; Reliable Power Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

TERMS: 5/- per Month. **£4.17.6**

**NO CHARGE MADE FOR EASY PAYMENTS. WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS.**

*Mr. F. A. V. M. of Horsham, writes:—"I really must congratulate you on your Set. It's marvellous, there's no getting away from it. I am not writing this letter for fun, I mean it. Everything is fine, and we are quite, quite satisfied."*

*Mr. F. C. H. of Slough, writes:—"Installation of the Set was absolutely simple; tone and quality are excellent, and the Set is in every way satisfactory. Thanking you for a real pleasure."*

**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE** and full specification of this and other Sets for Battery or Mains, including Super Sets.

**J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

# "Bullets" Colossal 25th BIRTHDAY OFFER

JOHN BULL'S RECORD DISTRIBUTION 25000 AWARDS

WIN £25 MONTHLY FOR LIFE plus £1000 Cash

## SEIZE YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!

ON Friday, October 29, a telegraph boy will deliver to some entrant in our sensational 25th Birthday Contest a golden Joy Wire containing JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing a staggering 5-in-1 reward for a few simple words. There is no reason why the "Bulleteer" to capture this colossal 25th Birthday First Prize should not be you!

As the sender of the best effort in this historic Contest, you would immediately become a *Bullets* Life Pensioner, with a £25 cheque from JOHN BULL every month of your life to make your future secure. But that £300 a year Life Income is only part of your reward.

On the day your name appeared as the winner, you would receive a £1,000 cheque to meet all your present needs, such as buying your own house, purchasing a business, educating your children and so on. A magnificent 1937/1938 "Morris" Car would be yours also, a Television Set value up to £80 would be installed in your home as soon as you wish and, to complete your mighty First Prize, you would be invited to bring a chosen companion to London for a Millionaire's Week at JOHN BULL'S expense.

This record distribution of prizes value over £8,000 continues with a glittering array of 1,000 Birthday awards, followed by 24,000 2-in-1 prizes, each value 3s. 6d. Completing the memorable attractions of this giant Offer there is an unlimited supply of 3s. 6d. *Bullets* Birthday Books: these are not prizes, but Birthday Gifts, available to ALL ENTRANTS who qualify as directed.

## THE WAY TO WIN

ALL that is required of the winner of our enormous 5-in-1 Birthday First is to enter TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to one of the 48 *Examples* provided on this page.

There is no reason, therefore, why the effort to secure that staggering reward should not come from your pen.

If you are wise you will not expect to write down a prize *Bullet* in a flash. Nearly all big winners have built up their efforts step by step; here is a good way to tackle the fascinating job.

Read slowly through the list of *Examples* and select, say, half a dozen on which to concentrate. Against each of these chosen *Examples* jot down all the ideas it suggests; your next step will be to condense and improve these rough notes into neat *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that you had decided to work on the *Example*, GLITTERING PRIZES. Your first jotting might be, *Tempt Dictators To Risk Lives And Money*; from this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, GLITTERING PRIZES—MAKE DICTATORS "RISK MILLIONS."

Now, this tremendous 25th Birthday Offer, with its huge prize-list exceeding £8,000 in total value, is within your reach for two weeks only. So as soon as you have studied the good points of the successful efforts in our 1,088th Contest which appear on this page, start on your own *Bullets*, for your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, October 16.

## Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

IN PROSPERITY'S TRAIN
STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY
PARLIAMENT'S JOB
MAKES LIFE A TRIAL
ARMY OF WOMEN
WHAT HOME MEANS
PARADISE FOR CHILDREN
BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG
AT BROADCASTING HOUSE
PREVENTED AN EXPLOSION
THINKING OF SONNY
GLITTERING PRIZES
CAPTURED HER HEART
WHEN WIFEY SHINES

MARS' HARVEST
RECRUITING
JOHN CITIZEN
PIRATES
BETWEEN WARS
FENCES
OUGHT TO GO
ROUSED
SILLY GAME
DIVORCED

FIRES
LOST HER
IN TEARS
COWARDLY
A SHOCK
OUR DAUGHTERS
LAND OF HOPE
ORPHANS
FAITH'S FORTRESS
DESERTED VILLAGE

FLOWER OF MANHOOD
WHAT MONEY DOES
SHE SAID SHE COULD COOK, BUT
SUSPECTED OF MURDER
LIKE A GIANT REFRESHED
CHILLY ATMOSPHERE
UP AT THE TOP
MR. STICK-IN-THE-MUD
HE'S GOT NO WORK, SO
"IT MIGHT BE WORSE!"
WHAT WE CAN'T DO
AN ANGEL GAME AND
DESERVES A THRASHING
TO MAKE THE ROAD SAFE

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed '& Co.'. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

## RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,088

### First Prize: £5 Monthly for Life or £400 Cash

**R. JOBSON, 12, Elsdon Street, Felling-on-Tyne.**

Example: EVERY MOTHER'S SON
Bullet: DIFFERS, BUT CHANCE SHOULDN'T!

### SECOND PRIZE £50:

S. H. WIDDUP, 104, Beattyville Gardens, Ilford.
Example: Gave Me A Start
Bullet: "White Sheet" Appeared, Boarding-house!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### THIRD PRIZE £25:

W. S. JOHNSON, 43, Waverley Road, Reading, Berks.
Example: To Get Round Father
Bullet: Teaser—Tailor Tubby, Too!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### OTHER PRIZES:

**£20:** A. GOODALL, 68, Burlington Lane, Chiswick, W.
Nothing To Shout About—Home, But Laughter Echoes.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£15:** Miss L. CREEK, Lawn Villa, Toft, Cambs.
Uncle's Got Gout, So—Raising *My* "Extremity's" Ticklish!

**£10:** J. CAMPBELL, 56, Heathfield Gardens, Chiswick, W.
Britannia Forgets—"Gallery"—Never, "Her Part."

**£9:** E. CAREY, 100, South Road, Southall, Middlesex.
In The Mining Village—Added Fear, *London's* "Pitfalls."

**£8:** D. M. HILL, 13, East Road, Portway, West Ham, E.
Mourning The Loss—Of "Listeners," "Deaf" Church.

**£7:** H. MILLS, Dunkirk, Northwich, Ches.
Incomplete—Till "Mine" Is "Ours."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£6:** E. KEENAN, 39, Hurst Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
Good For Grandpa—Seven Miles—Seventieth "Milestone"!

**£5:** — GEE, 41, Benson Road, Soho, Birmingham.
Price Of Bread—Shouldn't Include Baker's Health.

### 10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

H. BEDFORD, 32, Summer Lane, Barnsley.
I Love Animals, But—Peke Deserves Auntie's Kisses!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. BRYCE, 35a, Grosvenor Road, East Grinstead.
Woman With A Grievance—"Nursed" Imagination—"Reared Monster."

Mrs. E. COCKS, 310, Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.
Every Mother's Son—England Needs, As *Parent*.

E. T. DOUSE, 32, Montagu Place, Leeds.
All The Best People—We Invited—Rest Arrived!

W. J. EMSLIE, 6, Hemingford Street, Birkenhead.
All The Best People—Leaving District—Rates Due!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss A. MAYO, Mynydd-ar-Mor, Llanaber, Barmouth.
Better Worker—In Worse Workshop, Grandpa.

S. F. RICHES, 70, Kenwood Gardens, Ilford.
Peace In The Country—Brook Completes—"Stream" Finishes.

C. W. STEWART, 3, The Parade, Bridgwater Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Peace In The Country—"Will-o'-the-Wisp"—See Cars "Chasing"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. H. WILSON, c/o A.B.F.D., Ltd., 11, Commutation Row, Liverpool.
In The Mining Village—Many "Clubs"—One Comradeship.

F. WISE, 267, London Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Without A Rival—Too, British *Workless* Man.

Each of the above winners up to £20 will also receive a Competitor's Outfit as announced, so will 20 of £1.

A list of these, together with 628 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at [illegible] of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Mower, Newmarket, Cambridge.

## 6 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 78

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 78, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most [illegible] correct lists of Answers on one Square (see page 44) were the following six competitors:—

T. L. Adams, "Glendale," New Village Road, Cottingham, Yr. Hull; Miss Briggs, 6, Grosvenor Mansions, Buxton; E. Cranz, 19 [illegible] Woburn Garden City, Herts; Miss L. Crighton, 56, Rathmore Terrace, [illegible] Cork; G. Green, 62, Costigan Road, Hull.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750 and a cheque for [illegible] will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny [illegible] later than First Post, Tuesday, October 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order [illegible] Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 28 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer [illegible] with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £5 10s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 273 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

## CROSSWORD No. 80—TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 44 is presented the eightieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

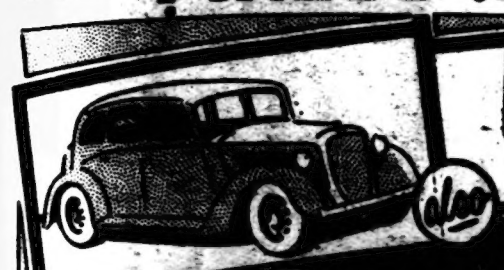
Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of the Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lonsdale Abe ournside, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. H. Joad, B.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-coupon has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors those using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated, when the words and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, October 21, 1937. The reserves which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL two weeks' "Crossword Gazette," copy of which will be forwarded free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. The Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

# brings PRIZES value over £8,000 and UNLIMITED GIFTS!



with CAR

With your huge Pension and Fortune a MORRIS "12"—the latest model VALUE £215

OR £6

also TELEVISION

As soon as Television can be received in your district, "John Bull" will equip your home with your choice of Televisor, value up to £80.

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WEEK IN LONDON FOR TWO—All at "John Bull's" expense.

ALL THESE OTHER AWARDS ALSO MUST BE WON

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| £18 | £17 | £16 | |
| £15 | £14 | £13 | |
| £12 | £11 | £10 | |
| 2 of £9 | 2 of £8 | | |
| 2 of £7 | 3 of £6 | | |
| 25 of £3 | 25 of £2 | | |
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| 25 of 7/6 | 800 PRIZES VALUE 5/- EACH | | |
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POSTAGE POSTMARK SAT. OCT. 16

## UNLIMITED 3·6d "Bullets" BIRTHDAY GIFT BOOKS

To mark "Bullets" 25th Birthday a superb new 3s 6d. Gift Book has been prepared for "Bulleteers." Containing every First Prize "Bullet" since 1912, all winning efforts of past two years in Dictionary Form, articles by "Bullets" experts, full details of "Bullets" judging, 25 easy methods of winning, etc., etc., it forms a complete guide to success far more valuable than any ever published in the past.

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EXAMPLE
BULLET

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BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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BULLET

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If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

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## BOOK POST - WITH CARE

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ADDRESS _____

IF UNDELIVERED RETURN TO SENDER, 30, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the three chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,092 recently purchase their copy of John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,092, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

# How Can You Suffer In Face Of This PROOF!

**Victims of Stomach or Nerve Trouble will be infused with New Hope at the magnificent tribute to "Yeast-Vite" which I bring you to-day. It is penned by one whose whole life was ruined by these dread afflictions.**

**YOU May Only Have Suffered for days!**

**You may have suffered for weeks or months!**

**The lady whose letter is published below suffered for 20 YEARS!—tried EVERYTHING and spent over £100 in trying to get relief, with no result. Then she took "Yeast-Vite." The result was marvellous. She Was Better After The First Few Doses.**

***Fancy, £100 failed to Bring Relief—but 1/3 did.***

## Yeast-Vite is Life

Again—again and AGAIN I prove that YEAST-VITE is the Wonder Tonic of the Age! To YOU I say—no matter whether you have suffered for minutes, hours, days, weeks, months or even YEARS—YEAST-VITE CAN END YOUR SUFFERING—CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE Happy, Joyous, Vigorous and WORTH LIVING.

It can dispel your nagging Headache in a few minutes—soothe those jangled Nerves—end the awful agony of that Digestive Disorder—banish those Rheumatic Pains and fill that Weary, Depressed and Listless body of yours with New Vim and Vigour!

And I back my statement with the fairest and most honest offer in the World! I ask you to go to your chemist AT ONCE and purchase a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets. And then I say to you try them under the terms of the Record-breaking Offer of "NO CURE—NO PAY!"

## YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

| FROM | TO | TIME |
|---|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS - | *Glorious Relief* | In 5/15 MIN. |
| HEADACHES - | *Deliverance* | In 5/15 MIN. |
| LASSITUDE - - | *Vim and Vigour* | In 10/20 MIN. |
| DEPRESSION - - | *Buoyant Energy* | In 10/20 MIN. |
| "NERVES" - - | *Steadiness* | In 10/20 MIN. |
| INDIGESTION - - | *Keen Appetite* | In 15/30 MIN. |
| EXHAUSTION - | *Animation* | In 15/30 MIN. |
| SLEEPLESSNESS - | *Calm Repose* | In 30/60 MIN. |
| RHEUMATISM - | *Pain Relief* | In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION - | *Regularity* | In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD | *Purification* | In 36 HOURS |

## NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded.

# Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets. Sold Everywhere. 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

## £100 Would Not Buy Relief

Gentlemen,— Kensington.

As a sufferer for over 20 years from severe MORNING SICKNESS and NERVE TROUBLE, it may interest you to know that your Yeast-Vite Tablets have cured me.

The sickness has often been for hours every morning and continued until the strain was so great that I was practically unable to attend to any business. I HAVE BEEN UNDER TREATMENT AND AT LAST TO A NURSING HOME FOR FIVE WEEKS, WHICH COST ME OVER £100. A fortnight after leaving there I was just as bad as ever.

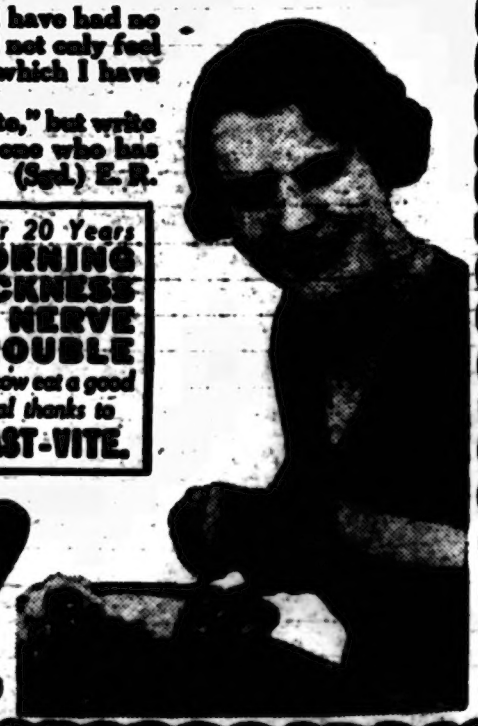
I have tried every remedy with no result, until I took "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I WAS BETTER AFTER THE FIRST FEW DOSES and have continued so ever since.

This is only a few weeks ago and I have had no return of the old trouble. In fact, I not only feel well, but I eat a good breakfast, which I have not done for many years.

I shall continue to take "Yeast-Vite," but write this as a small appreciation from one who has suffered. I am, yours faithfully, (Sgd.) E. R.

## BUT 1/3 DID!

*After 20 Years* MORNING SICKNESS *and* NERVE TROUBLE *can now eat a good meal thanks to* YEAST-VITE.



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